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PROCEEDINGS OF THE ONE
HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF
THE GRANTING OF THE CHARTER
TO KIMBALL UNION ACADEMY



PROCEEDINGS OF THE CENTENNIAL
AT KIMBALL UNION ACADEMY



FINALE OF THE PAGEANT

Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, N.H.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE
ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE
GRANTING OF THE CHARTER
TO KIMBALL UNION ACADEMY
MERIDEN, NEW HAMPSHIRE

JUNE 21-25, 1913

EDITED BY HARRY BOYNTON PRESTON, '01, INSTRUCTOR IN
ENGLISH AT THE ACADEMY. PRINTED AT THE DARTMOUTH PRESS
APRIL, 1914

Copies

INTRODUCTION

The celebration of the centennial of the granting of the charter to Kimball Union Academy had its inception in plans made by the trustees and alumni several years before the summer of nineteen hundred thirteen. Wherever groups of former students came together, either formally, as at the Boston Alumni Association meeting, or informally, in groups of two or three, the coming centennial was the invariable topic of conversation. Many classes began early to plan for reunions at Meriden, and in order that the representation might be large, began to correspond with each other and with the officers of the school.

At the annual fall meeting of the trustees, in September, 1911, a committee was appointed to plan informally for the celebration with especial reference to plans for a pageant. This Committee consisted of Charles Alden Tracy '93, principal of the Academy, chairman, Prof. Charles D. Adams, and Arthur P. Fairfield '96. Two committees of the General Alumni Association were also appointed at about the same time. One committee, which was to represent the alumni in the preparation for the centennial, was made up of Prof. George J. Cummings '65, Principal Tracy and Rev. Maurice J. Duncklee. The other committee was given charge of the collection of the centennial fund for general endowment. Of this committee Rev. Mr. Duncklee was chairman, and the other members were Mr. Alvah B. Chellis '61, and Mrs. Tamson L. Monroe '62. To further the work of this endowment fund, the latter committee, in coöperation with the trustees, issued a circular which was sent broadcast to the alumni. What was accomplished along this line is set

forth later in this book, under the title: The Centennial Gifts. (Page 89.)

Meanwhile, during the early months of 1912, the committee of trustees was busy with the plans for the celebration. To this end, they entered into correspondence with William Chauncy Langdon, of New York, president of the American Pageant Association, relative to the advisability of including a pageant among the anniversary exercises. Mr. Langdon had recently written and directed successful pageants at Thetford and St. Johnsbury, Vermont, both dealing with aspects of the New Country Life Movement. He came to Meriden in order to familiarize himself with the history of the town and school and with local conditions. After hearing Mr. Langdon's report, which was unqualifiedly favorable, the decision was made to include the pageant and to employ Mr. Langdon in the capacity of author and director. From January, 1913, until June, Mr. Langdon gave practically all his time to the preparation of this event.

On September 24, 1912, at the annual meeting of the trustees, the centennial committee, intrusted with the power to arrange and carry out the plans for the various exercises, was elected. Of this, again, Principal Tracy was chairman, Rev. Mr. Duncklee, the second, and Harry L. Duncan, Esq., the third member. It was voted to hold the exercises of the centennial in connection with the ninety-seventh commencement, which was scheduled for the week of June 16. This was a fitting time as the grant of the Academy's charter, which the centennial was to celebrate, was made on June 16, 1813. Subsequent events during the school year, 1912-1913, made a postponement of commencement necessary. The date was, therefore, set for the days of June twenty-first to twenty-fifth, inclusive. The earlier days of the week, Sunday and Monday, were to be given to the an-

nual commencement, while Tuesday and Wednesday were set for the class reunions, the formal anniversary exercises, and the two performances of the pageant.

Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D., '69, president of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, was invited to deliver the Baccalaureate sermon. It was fitting that the principal historical address should be delivered by the distinguished son of the distinguished former principal, Dr. Richards. Dr. Charles H. Richards kindly accepted the invitation to be the orator of the day on Tuesday morning. Most of the other speakers for the various informal gatherings were recruited from the alumni who were present. To make a pleasing and significant address at a few moment's notice has ever been characteristic of the larger body of Kimball Union Academy alumni. The fact that most of these short addresses were wholly extemporaneous, as well as the fact that plans for the publication of the centennial proceedings were late in formulating, account for the meagerness with which many of these excellent addresses are reported in this volume.

The Old Home Week Association of Plainfield, in which town the parish of Meriden is situated, decided to hold their annual Old Home Day during anniversary week. Accordingly these exercises were set for the morning of Wednesday, June twenty-fifth, and the Old Home Week Committee of Harold W. Chellis, Miss Mary A. Freeman, and Robert R. Penniman, appointed.

The weather was favorable during the larger part of the time set for the celebration, though on Wednesday, threatening clouds kept many from the second performance of the Pageant of Meriden. The alumni returned in the anticipated large numbers and taxed the accommodations available in the school and village to the utmost. Of the classes from 1849 to 1913, a pe-

riod of sixty-four years, there were only four classes that were not represented. Besides, one member of a previous class, Miss Mary R. D. Frost, of the class of 1840, now the oldest graduate of the school, was present at her home in the village, and although unable to attend the exercises, received the many guests who called upon her. Through her clear memory of the past and kindness in allowing the use of the diary of her father, the late Dr. Frost, she contributed not a little to the success of the several events, especially the pageant.

A description of the various events will be found in their respective order. It needs only to be added here that the careful preparation of the several committees, the generous help of the townspeople, and of the teachers and students of the school were amply rewarded. The many alumni who attended the centennial considered the event a red-letter day in their lives, and left Meriden with a firmer belief in the Academy and in its future. It faces the second century of its history with a renewed pledge to serve the community, the state and the nation, growing out, in no small measure, of the confidence and prayers of this large body of loyal alumni.

A list, as complete as possible, of the alumni present is published herewith. It can not be absolutely complete, as many of those present failed to register, or registered without class numbers.

It is the wish of the editors that this volume, with its many apparent omissions and shortcomings, may prove an acceptable souvenir of the centennial to the many guests present, and of still greater value to the larger body of alumni who were unable to be in Meriden during the days of June, nineteen hundred thirteen.

THE NINETY-SEVENTH COMMENCEMENT

FRIDAY, JUNE 20

8.00 P. M. Pianoforte Recital

SATURDAY, JUNE 21

8.00 P. M. Rev. Francis E. Clark Prize Speaking

SUNDAY, JUNE 22

10.45 A. M. Baccalaureate Sermon,

Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D.

7.30 P. M. Vesper Service,

Rev. Benjamin T. Marshall

MONDAY, JUNE 23

9.00 A. M. Meeting of Board of Trustees

10.30 A. M. Commencement Exercises at the Church

Prayer

Music

Commencement Essays:

Some Secrets of Success (Salutatory Rank)

Gladys Leila Hill

A Problem and its Solution

Paul Brooks Wildey

Vocational Guidance Ethel Hannah Garey

The Challenge of the Country

Charles Jefferson Rosenburg

California and the Japanese

Ruth Catherine French

The Voice of Honor (Valedictory Rank)

Hazen Southard Claflin

2.00 P. M. Class Day Exercises on the Terraces

Prayer

Music

Opening Address

Ralph West Balch

Class History

Russell Kellogg Bourne

Class Will

May Harris Cook

Class Poem

Jean Eliza Baker

Music

Presentation of Baton to Class of 1914

Clyde Russell Berkey

Acceptance

Cornelius Joseph Cronin,

President of the Class of 1914

Prophecy

Lillabelle Hare

Closing Oration

Harold Sinclair Searle

Class Song

THE CLASS OF NINETEEN THIRTEEN

Jean Eliza Baker

May Harris Cook

Ruth Catherine French

Lillabelle Hare

Gladys Leila Hill

Ethel Hannah Garey

Ruth Elizabeth Johnson

Ralph West Balch

Clyde Russell Berkey

Russell Kellogg Bourne

Ralph Peterson Chadbourn

Hazen Southard Claflin

Sidney James Green

Montgomery Herbert

George Herbert Moulton

Charles Jefferson Rosenberg

Harold Sinclair Searle

Edward Thomas Wall

Paul Brooks Wildey

THE BACCALAUREATE SERMON

The Baccalaureate Sermon was preached by Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D., LL.D., of the Class of '69, in the Church, on Sunday morning, June 22. Principal Charles Alden Tracy conducted the opening exercises and the student choir, under the direction of Miss Alta M. Bailey, furnished the music. The Class of 1913 were escorted to their seats in the body of the Church by the class marshal, Sidney J. Green. A large audience gave earnest attention to the inspiring words of the speaker.

DR. CLARK'S SERMON

Dr. Clark's baccalaureate sermon was from the oft-repeated phrase found in the first three chapters of the Book of Revelation, "He that hath an ear to hear, let him hear," referring to the messages which the Revelator sent to the seven churches of Asia. The preacher called attention to the fact that each message was a special, individual one, and that the seven churches were representative churches, representative not only of the churches of that day and of the Christians of that day, but of the Christians and the churches of the present day.

For instance, Ephesus was the church of waning enthusiasm, which had lost its first love, and it was rebuked on this account. The Revelator declared that the candle-stick would be removed out of its place except the church repented. This was especially appropriate because the city Ephesus had been moved no less than four times in the history of that once-mighty and powerful city. The church apparently shared the qualities of the city itself, and the message came with peculiar force, not only to that church, but to all who are fickle and changeable in their religious experiences.

The church of Smyrna received no word of condemnation but only commendation, and the Revelator assured the people,

“I will give thee a crown of life,” a most appropriate message, since the acropolis of Smyrna was surrounded with beautiful buildings which were often spoken of as the crown of the city. But the crown of life was far more important than a crown of buildings, in the eye of the Revelator.

To the church in Pergamos was sent the message, “I know where thou dwellest, even where Satan’s throne is.” Satan’s throne was the Temple of Rome and Augustus, before which Christians were brought in order to declare whether they would deny their allegiance to Christ and thus save their lives, or acknowledge Him and thus suffer the extreme penalty of torture and death.

The church of Sardis was spoken of by the Revelator as the church that had a name to live, but was dead, and the preacher who had just visited the seven cities said that among all the seven there was none so absolutely dead from the material standpoint, as the ancient city of Sardis, which was overthrown by an earthquake in the year 17 of the Christian Era and buried under its own acropolis, a mountain which the people had always thought would defend it from all its enemies.

Philadelphia was the church of the open door, because it was situated at the entrance of the great Anatolian Plain, and then, as now, travellers who wished to reach the vast region of Asia Minor, have to go through ancient Philadelphia, which is now an important railway center, and the open door to the vast and rich region beyond. This church, too, received only commendation from the Master, because it entered the open door and was a missionary church carrying the Greek civilization, and the religion of Christ, far into the interior.

The church of Laodicea was also situated at a strategic point. It also might have been a church of the open door, for it stood at the entrance of the vast Phrygian region, and oc-

cupied much the same position as did Philadelphia. But it was immersed in its own concerns. It cared for its banks, for its black sheep, which furnished a peculiar kind of glossy wool which was much in demand, for its Phrygian powder, made into an unguent for the eyes. The Revelator gave to this church the most scathing rebuke of all, telling the Laodiceans that though they thought they were rich, they were poor and miserable and in need of all things, counselling them to buy, not the black cloth made from their famous sheep, but white raiment that they might be clothed, and not the Phrygian ointment for their eyes, but the true eye-salve by which their spiritual vision might be clarified, that they might see the things of true worth. But this church was self-satisfied. It cared for little but the present. It was neither very bad nor very good, but lukewarm, and the word "Laodicean" has become in all languages the synonym for the most despicable of characteristics.

Such are the churches of today. Some, alas, have lost their first love; some are neither hot nor cold. But, thank God, many are the churches of the open door, the missionary churches, which have seen their opportunity and have entered white harvest fields at home and far abroad.

But more important for us, said the preacher, is it to consider the individual application, for churches are but made up of men and women, some of whose enthusiasms are waning, and some of whom are neither hot nor cold; while nominally religious, they are given up to the affairs of this world, immersed in the material things; like the Laodiceans of old, they care not for the opportunities for social service that await them on every hand.

But many in these days, and I believe an increasing number, belong to the church of Philadelphia. They see the vast opportunities before them and enter in at their open door,

carrying the good news of a higher salvation and a noble Christianity to the regions far beyond.

Young men and women of the graduating class, to which of these churches do you belong? Though you may say that you have no church affiliations, that you have never united with the people of God, as represented in an organized church, yet you really belong to one or another of these groups. Have you lost your enthusiasms? Are spiritual things less real to you than in your boyhood and your girlhood? Then the message to the church of Ephesus is for you.

Are you in difficult circumstances, surrounded by obstacles and discouragements to the Christian life? Are those with whom you are associated hostile or indifferent to the highest things? Then, in the message to the Church of Pergamos there is a word of encouragement. The Master knows where you dwell. He understands your difficulties; he appreciates your adverse circumstances, and He will make all allowances.

I hope and pray that none of you belong to the church of Laodicea, that none of you are among those who are so engrossed in mundane things that you never lift your eyes heavenward, that none of you are so busy with the muckrake that you cannot see the heavenly crown above your heads.

I hope and pray that everyone of this class belongs to the church of Philadelphia. There is an open door for you, a door which no one else can enter, an opportunity for service which no one else can render. No man can shut this door except yourself. It will stand open for you to enter until you deliberately close it, and refuse to accept the opportunities for service, and for blessing your fellow-men.

Will you enter the door or will you close it against yourself? He that hath an ear to hear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches.

THE ALUMNI REUNION

In arranging the plans for the Centennial, Monday evening was set aside for a reunion of the alumni present. It was hoped that the meeting would be more or less informal, that there might be a considerable number of short addresses and some stories of the olden time. The gathering was held in the Church at 7.30 o'clock. Hon. Edwin G. Eastman '69, Ex-Attorney General of the State of New Hampshire, presided. The Centennial Hymn, "Meriden, My Meriden", composed for the Boston Alumni Association meeting, was sung. Only a few of the excellent addresses are here reported. Altogether it was an evening long to be remembered by the large number of former students present.

DR. WHITE'S ADDRESS

The first speaker of the evening was Dr. William R. White, of Providence, R. I., and K. U. A. Class of '70, who spoke in brief as follows:

This is my first visit to Meriden since I graduated forty-three years ago, and truly it means much to me. On my journey hither I tried to fancy I was coming back to the school and village and associations I knew so well and had not forgotten. That, however, could not be, and I have been wandering about, lonely and depressed, looking in vain for classmates, teachers, and my old-time friends among the townspeople, but have found only a few of the last named—none of the former. The school buildings are not the same, the Common on the hilltop looks different, the old play-ground has been abandoned, and I have felt like a stranger in a new environment, although the wonderful atmosphere and scenery, the forest, hills, mountains, and valleys are here to greet our return just as they welcomed and charmed the founders of K. U. A. a century ago.

In view of the accidents and vicissitudes that have befallen the dear old school in recent years, it is truly gratifying to find the present evidences of her material prosperity and the manifest spirit of loyalty and courage on the part of alumni, teachers, and students.

I am glad of this opportunity to see Mr. Principal Tracy in his working clothes, so to speak, and note the quiet but sure way in which he directs and controls every detail. Prior to this visit I had only seen him and heard him speak when on dress parade before the K. U. A. banquets at Boston, but my impression of him then formed is fully confirmed now, that he is a man of no useless words, but admirable executive ability and devotion to his work.

Then again, I have been observing the active student body, and it has been a pleasure to see them, to hear them, and to realize that they are just the sort of young people this country needs to cherish, for I believe they intend to be clean, honest, and industrious. These surroundings and influences are good for them and they will never forget them or find the same again, wherever their life work may lead them.

I witnessed the graduation exercises this morning, and was impressed by the earnestness and quiet dignity of the occasion and the excellence of the essays.

I chanced to sit beside the mother of one of the splendid, manly boys of the graduating class, and as she listened to the kind, serious words of advice given to the class, I saw tears upon her cheek, and I knew her mother heart was deeply moved. She knew that her son must now go on to different conditions of life and association, and while she trusted him she prayed for him.

It must be evident to us all that this school in this village continues to be a safe and wholesome resort for boys and girls who are willing to be orderly, studious, and industrious, and surely congratulations are in order for all who are personally connected with the management of the Academy. Where will you find another school that furnishes so much for so small a cost to the individual student?

In all ways this meeting of so many friends of K. U. A. is delightful, and we are all making new friends whom it will be most pleasant to remember and meet again.

The splendid gift of a farm to the school will prove of great value, and is most timely, for the indications are that practical, scientific farming must be the task of a larger number of young men, if the earth is to produce according to the needs of her growing population, and this is especially true of New England.

I enjoyed the Prize Speaking Saturday evening, and the Class Day exercises this afternoon. So far as I could gather, romance and love are vital forces in the school, and if Rule Twenty still exists perhaps it is not quite so rigorous as it was two score years ago. I recall an episode in my own student life:

It was during my second or third term and I had not broken a rule—believe me or not, as you please. Then I had an irresistible desire to break Rule Twenty and proceeded to do so, by crossing the Common, at the mid-day recess, ringing the bell of Bryant block and asking to see one of the girls of my class. Strange to say I was admitted, the girl came to the reception room, and we certainly enjoyed a half hour's chat. That was one day's happiness. Next morning I heard my name spoken on the Chapel platform as part of an invitation to make another mid-day call. I made it, and Professor Richards was at home to me. I was asked certain questions as to motive and future intentions, and was excused after some very kind and fatherly advice which I have never forgotten. I did not think the dear Doctor regarded my transgression as a serious one and I fancied I saw a twinkle in his keen eyes and a lurking smile on his expressive face as he showed me to the door. I left him with a deeper feeling of love and respect, with the consciousness that

probably it would be wise for me to observe Rule Twenty in the future, but with the feeling that if Doctor Richards were to select any young man to be allowed to call on a nice girl at the Block, that young man would probably be White of '70. My friends, I am glad to say that I never again broke the famous Rule—in just the same way.

REV. MR. CARPENTER'S ADDRESS

One of the last speakers called up was Rev. C. C. Carpenter, of Andover, Mass., of the Class of 1856, who explained that a somewhat venerable gentleman had approached him early in the evening, and informed him that he would probably be asked to make some remarks, and immediately left him. But when he recognized that it was his old-time boy-friend, Charlie Richards, he half thought it was only one of his juvenile jokes. With the printed song of the evening in his hand as his text, he rapidly recalled some hearty memories of "Meriden, My Meriden," as it was in his school days, nearly sixty years before. He mentioned the familiar Academy building, the old-fashioned meeting-house on the hill, Thayer's tavern, Barrow's store, Bryant's Block, (always seen from a respectful distance), the ledges, the little hills on every side, the walks and the exciting slides.

He remembered most vividly the teachers; first of all, Principal Richards, whom they all honored and admired, and came to love, the cultured teacher of Greek, the fearless administrator of sound and doubtless much-needed discipline; and his family too, from his noble helpmeet to his genial boy—all a host of help indeed, to a poor, tired, half-sick student. He remembered Mr. Rowe, of great, warm heart, and Mr. Baldwin, the philosopher, the critical Latin teacher, the personification as well as interpreter of Cicero. He cited a characteristic in-

stance of Mr. Baldwin's sharp but effective criticisms in the elocution class, when he commented on the boy's first declamation, with his peculiar tone and accent, "I like the way you open your jaws!" He said that word was a help to him all his life, for he then highly resolved that if ever he succeeded in reaching the pulpit, he would speak so plainly that people could understand him, if he perished in the attempt. He remembered Parson Blanchard, with his long, strong, eloquent sermons; Squire Duncan; Dea. Morrill; Mr. and Mrs. Wells, who boarded the "club"; and Bezaleel Farnum, who knew everything he wouldn't be expected to know.

He spoke of his classmates, thirty-six of them—not to speak of the ladies, and they were not to be spoken to in those days, except in the rare and glorious levees at the school-hall, or down-street parsonage!—only thirteen of those boys left, only two beside himself present at this anniversary. He said the aggregate ages of those thirty-six classmates was nearly twenty-four hundred years, and of the thirteen now living, nearly one thousand years. He said that no one who was a student there in the winter of 1854-55, could forget its deep, pervasive, inspiring religious experiences, the sacred hush of the public meetings, and the large number of young men and women who then resolved to begin the Christian life.

He recalled the memorable May Day in 1858, when in the old meeting-house twenty-eight orations were spoken, in evidence of which he exhibited a battered program, covered over with annotations—in Latin hardly worthy of Dr. Richards' Senior, like "Bonapax"—and with penciled cartoons, as that of "Linus Blakesley giving the pitch", showing such genius that if the young artist had not become a well-known preacher and administrator of church benevolences, he might have made a Rembrandt or a Reynolds! He remembered, too, how those

thirty boys and twenty girls sang the farewell song, "Half in joy, and half in sorrow", written by Mary Green, the pride and joy of the class, but one of the first to pass away from its roll.

But all these fond memories, he said, were past. What of the future? The beginning of a new century was a great emergency, a great opportunity, for the old school. What could the alumni do about it? Were they keeping track of current life in the Academy? Were they all taking the school magazine, with its newsy record and alumni notes? He urged the importance of the Centennial Endowment Fund. The next century would send out ten thousand new men and women with their uncounted years of service for the home, the country, the world. There will be many others like the Littles, like Charles H. Richards, Gilman Tucker, Horace Williams, John O. Barrows, George Chapin, Charles H. Woods, William J. Tucker, Frank Clark, Samuel L. Powers, Alfred S. Hall, Alfred P. Sawyer, Judge Bell, Maj. Catlin, L. B. Downing, Dustin and Duncklee and Porter and all the rest of our familiar brother-alumni of the past, yet to go out from K. U. A. Should not the old school be strengthened and built up to train these future thousands, for their part in the world's work? The few left of '56 had pledged \$500—other, later classes with fuller living membership could make larger additions to the funds so much needed to give our dear old *Alma Mater* a fresh start in its new century!

Place this correction in the margin of page 20,

K. U. A. Centennial Proceedings:

Sixth line from bottom:

with annotations—in Latin hardly worthy of Dr. Richards, Senior, like "Bona pax"—and with penciled cartoons, as that of

MERIDEN, MY MERIDEN

Air: "Lauriger Horatius"

One hundred years have passed thee o'er,
Meriden, My Meriden!
Thou Alma Mater, we adore,
Meriden, My Meriden!
From ev'ry clime, from ev'ry shore,
We meet thee at thy chapel door,
And pledge to thee our love of yore,
Meriden, My Meriden!

Before thy feet thy children kneel,
Meriden, My Meriden!
And there outpour the love we feel,
Meriden, My Meriden!
Again inspire us with thy zeal,
To fight for right, come woe, come weal,
Always to us thy love reveal,
Meriden, My Meriden!

Thy sons shall ever guard thy name,
Meriden, My Meriden!
Thy daughters watch thine altar flame,
Meriden, My Meriden!
We'll never give thee cause for shame,
We'll bring fresh laurels to thy fame,
And ever join in glad acclaim,
Meriden, My Meriden!



DR. RICHARDS' LAST CLASS

THE FORMAL ANNIVERSARY EXERCISES

The formal exercises in observance of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Granting of the Academy's charter were held in the Congregational Church at 10.00 o'clock, Tuesday morning, June 24. The church was filled with alumni, townspeople, and guests. Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D., '69, was the presiding officer. The music for the occasion was the singing of hymns by the assembly. Mrs. Abbie Richards Woodbury '59, presided at the organ. The principal historical address, delivered by Rev. Charles H. Richards, D.D., '54, and the Centennial Ode, written by Mrs. Marion Richardson Heath, are printed in full. Short addresses were made by the presiding officer, Alfred S. Hall, Esq., '69, Alfred P. Sawyer, Esq., '74, Jason O. Cook '02, and others.

THE CENTENNIAL ADDRESS

BY REV. CHARLES H. RICHARDS, D.D., OF NEW YORK

The New England Academy is one of the fairest fruits of Puritan idealism. The pioneers, who laid the foundations of civil and religious democracy upon these shores, have been mistakenly regarded by some as severely practical men who lacked in imagination and spiritual insight. Sternly devoted to the task of conquering a wilderness, some have fancied that they were absorbed only in the material and mechanical problems of their day.

On the contrary, they were the idealists of their age. They were splendid visionaries, who saw a way to break out from the materialism of their times into the large, free life of the spirit which God intended for them, and they caught a glimpse of a Kingdom of God on earth in which every man should have his rights, and every life should have its opportunity to realize in itself the Divine ideal. Bergson and Eucken in our day do not affirm the supreme importance of the life of the spirit with any more earnestness than did our Pilgrim and Puritan forbears.

They believed that this ideal commonwealth, whose vision was ever in their minds, must rest back upon character,—trained, disciplined, educated character. They held with Mrs. Browning that “it takes a soul to move a body”, and that the inner life of man must be sound and vigorous and thoroughly developed if there is to be large and lasting prosperity for a man or a community. Hence they planted side by side the church and the school. Six years after Boston was settled Harvard College was established, with *Christo et Ecclesiae* for its motto. Nearly sixty years later, in 1693, the College of William and Mary, the second in our country, was founded in Virginia. Seven years later Yale College was established in Connecticut with *Lux et Veritas* for its motto.

These were the pioneer institutions for the higher education in America. But our fathers were not neglectful of secondary education. In 1647 the Massachusetts General Court passed a law that every town with fifty families should provide a school where children should be taught to read and write; and that every town with one hundred families should provide a grammar school whose master should be able to fit young men for college. Many of the ministers, also, took one or more boys into their homes to be fitted for college. Private and endowed academies began to be established in the eighteenth century, several of which still continue, the oldest existing being Phillips Academy, Andover, which was founded in 1778, during the time of the Revolutionary War. In the early part of the nineteenth century academies multiplied, till at length there were twenty-five in New Hampshire, twenty in Vermont, and more than a hundred in other New England states. Thus the dream of the fathers was being realized of a commonwealth based upon Christian education.

This Academy was born in the heart of a young man. A New Hampshire boy had been fired with the purpose to preach the gospel. He had gone to Great Britain to prepare himself for the great work because he heard of a school there which would welcome a poor boy with but a common school training, and which with free tuition would train him for the ministry. He brought back to his native state a great enthusiasm for that sort of school, insisting that there ought to be an institution of the same character here.

This youth, John Ford, who afterwards became pastor in Lebanon, N. H., kindled in his father the same burning conviction, and Deacon Joseph Ford stirred up his pastor and other friends, till desire ripened into purpose to have a similar institution in this part of New England. It was to be a training school for ministers; and it was to give gratuitous instruction to such students for the sacred calling as were too poor to pay tuition. Conventions were held in Piermont, N. H., and Norwich, Vt., in 1811, which resolved to establish "The New Hampshire and Vermont Theological Seminary" as they named it. It seemed wise to enlarge the circle of councilors, and another assemblage of delegates from the General Associations of New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, and Massachusetts convened in Windsor, Vt., on October 21, 1812. To this larger council came President Dwight of Yale College, three professors from Andover Seminary, which had just begun its work in 1808, and three professors from Dartmouth. These wise men broadened the scope of the proposed school so that it should not merely "assist in the education of poor and pious youth for the ministry", but should educate such others as the Trustees might choose to admit. President Dwight was especially insistent that the school should not content itself with giving the partial and imperfect education which some had in

mind as affording a short cut to the ministry, but that it should give a thorough preparatory training, and that its beneficiaries should expect to take a full collegiate and theological course after leaving this school. It was accordingly determined to make this institution an Academy and as it was the child of four associations of New England states, it was named by them the "Union Academy".

Such was the title under which it was chartered in June, 1813, Governor J. T. Gilman signing his approval on the 16th day of that month, one hundred years and eight days ago. It was provided, however, that the name of the principal donor to the institution might be prefixed to this title at some later date.

About forty-five years before that time a migratory stream set northward from Connecticut up the Connecticut river valley to this almost unsettled section. The roads were few and poor. For much of the way there was only a trail. Many a young man took his bride on horseback behind him, and pushed up into this almost unbroken wilderness to take up a farm on this frontier. They brought along the names of their Connecticut towns, so that Norwich, Hartford, Windsor, Lebanon, Plainfield, and others are echoes of the origin of these colonists.

In this stream of migration to this region came Eleazar Wheelock in 1769, with his Indian school which for fifteen years he had conducted in Columbia, Conn. He transported it to Hanover, N. H., where it was chartered as Dartmouth College by Gov. John Wentworth in the name of George III. *Vox clamantis in deserto*, the voice of one crying in the wilderness, is the legend on its college bell, which has summoned many generations of students to chapel.

In this same year (1769) came Benjamin Kimball from Preston, Connecticut, to this very spot, having purchased from the original proprietors seven hundred and fifty acres of land—

more than a square mile—including the present site of Meriden where we now are. He was a man of substance and force, and he continued to reside here as one of the leading citizens of this region until his death in 1796, a period of twenty-seven years.

With him came his wife and his only son, Daniel Kimball, then sixteen years of age. How scanty had been the early advantages of this boy may be guessed from the fact that until this time he had not even learned to read. But he mastered the rudiments of education, and soon gained a practical training of another sort in the rough school of a soldier's life, for as soon as the sound of British guns began to be heard he enlisted in the Revolutionary army, came back from Quebec a sergeant, in two years was made an ensign, and in 1780 at West Point was an adjutant. Returning here in 1781, after this patriotic service and these repeated promotions, he speedily became a leader in all public affairs. Before he was thirty, he was made town clerk, selectman, and justice of the peace, remaining such to the end of his life. He was the merchant and the most active business man of the town, and was sent to the Legislature as representative and senator.

It was natural that this forceful and aggressive man of affairs should, at the age of sixty, be drawn into the councils of those who were planning this institution. Where should it be located? Several places made a bid for the honor—Orford, Woodstock, Vt., and others.

Then uprose this stately man, six feet in stature and of noble and benignant presence, stating that as God had blessed him with a liberal fortune with no natural heir to inherit it, he was ready to pledge to the young Academy six thousand dollars at once, and the bulk of his fortune after his death. This generous offer was gratefully accepted, and the location was fixed at Meriden, the home of the benefactor. After his untimely death

in 1817, at the age of sixty-four, his name was prefixed to the title and it became, and has ever since remained, *Kimball Union Academy*. The generous donor, Daniel Kimball, whose gifts and bequest together brought to the institution about \$40,000, has his name immortalized and his memory perpetuated in the institution he did so much to establish.

It is worth while just here to exercise the historic imagination, and reproduce, if possible, the condition of things a hundred years ago when this Academy was started.

What was our country a century ago? It was strangely different from the nation of today. There were seven and a quarter millions of people, instead of nearly a hundred millions, and they were for the most part east of the Alleghanies. We had eighteen stars in our flag, instead of the forty-eight now emblazoned on the blue. James Madison as President was again defending our country against the assaults of England in what has been called "our second war for independence", the war of 1812. In the very year when this Academy was chartered, Commodore Oliver H. Perry built his fleet of five ships out of logs which he cut on the shore of Lake Erie and captured the British fleet off Toledo. The next year President Madison and his cabinet fled in hot haste from Washington, and the British troops marched in and burned the Capitol. And the next year, 1815, the very year when the first Academy building was completed here, Andrew Jackson won his famous victory at New Orleans, and inaugurated the hundred years of peace which we are about celebrating. A hundred years ago Cleveland, Ohio, marked our frontier line, and beyond it were great stretches of wilderness, peopled mostly by Indians. Four-fifths of the United States had then not a single white settler. It was in 1811, when the first council was considering the proposal to start this school, that General Harrison won the battle

of Tippecanoe, vanquishing the Indians, who, under Tecumseh, hoped to drive out of the West all white settlers, leaving it simply a big hunting ground for the redmen. The great anti-slavery struggle had hardly begun at that time. In 1808, Congress forbade the farther importation of slaves, but more than half a century of sharp contention over the continuance and extension of human slavery was yet to follow before the climax was reached in our Civil war, and the national incubus was thrown off. Clipper ships were still sailing the ocean, bringing us latest news from Europe in two or three weeks, and telling us in 1815, when Otis Hutchins was opening his first class here, how Wellington had vanquished Napoleon at Waterloo, and had sent that brilliant meteor into lasting eclipse.

And what was New Hampshire a century ago? It was the same old Granite State as today. It had about 215,000 people within its borders, half as many as now. They were a sturdy, liberty loving, progressive folk, living on farms, and in the villages that clambered over the hills or nestled in the valleys. They were a homogeneous people of English antecedents and with few foreigners among them. The invasion from Canada, from Sweden, from Southern Europe, had hardly begun. But the conditions of their simple life were very different from those of today. Candles and whale oil lamps took the place of electric lights. The big fireplace in the old fashioned kitchen, with a crane from which hung the pots and kettles, was the forerunner of the modern range. There was no such thing as a railroad, or telegraph, or telephone, or sewing machine. If one had an aching tooth, it was pried out with a turnkey without any palliative, for ether was not discovered till 1844. People did not have the satisfaction of labelling their diseases with such high-sounding names as now. There was no such thing as tuberculosis, though many died of consumption. Appendici-

tis was a thing unknown, though some died of inflammation of the bowels. Daniel Kimball is said to have died of "an affection of the lungs attended with fever", apparently what would now be called pneumonia, but that disease was then unheard of by the common people. Express companies did not exist till 1839, and freight trains did not run till about that time, so that merchants had to stock their stores by means of four-horse teams running from Boston. Fortunately, they had pretty good roads, for when this school was founded there were twenty turnpike corporations in New Hampshire, twenty-six in Vermont, and one hundred and eighty in all New England. In simple homes, with simple pleasures, the frugal, hard-working, God-fearing and intelligent citizens of New Hampshire, got more out of life and achieved a success more real and satisfactory than multitudes today who have far more of what they call "advantages" and modern improvements, but less of character and content. It was out of such homes that the students were to come to this new school, clean in life, clear in brain, eager for education, and not afraid of hard work. It is the very stuff out of which are made leaders in church and state, captains of industry, merchant princes, heralds of the Cross at home and abroad.

What was Meriden a hundred years ago? In its physical features it was essentially the same as now. The beautiful village on its rounded hill was like an exquisite jewel in a wonderful setting of emeralds. The massive wall of verdure in the Grantham and Croydon mountains on the east, the picturesque peaks of "the ledges" on the west, the splendid vista of the valley to the southwest stretching its lovely panorama toward the sunset till it meets the blue height of glorious Ascutney, these made Meriden, then as now, one of the most beautiful villages in New England. The charm of its landscapes creates

a spell which fascinates all who visit it. The inspiration of the mountains in their majesty, of flowery meadows, of the autumn splendor of the forests, of the sheen and sparkle of the fields in winter, enters into character as a formative power. Emotions of wonder, of rapture, of worship are kindled in the thoughtful soul by such scenes. Such beauty is itself an educator.

But while the physical characteristics were much the same a hundred years ago as now, there were many differences in detail. The village street passed over the hill as it does today. The large, plain mansion of Daniel Kimball stood on the west side of "the Common", and the old fashioned meeting house, built in 1797, stood on the north side, being furnished within with a high pulpit and sounding board, and with box pews. The roomy and comfortable homes of the people were sprinkled over hill and valley much as now, while the patient oxen toiled along the roads hauling wood, hay or other products of the field. Farmers fought the stubborn soil successfully, carried their corn to the gristmill on horseback, and, without much cash, but with plenty of comfort, lived independent and prosperous lives. It was a rural community, with the intelligence and enterprise typical of the New England of that day.

Hither came Otis Hutchins, the first principal, to assist in the dedication of the first academy building on January 9, 1815. The building stood on the eastern side of the hilltop as now. The next day the first session of the school, afterwards to become famous as one of the foremost academies in the country, was opened with seven students in attendance,—one for each day of the week. Perhaps the number was regarded as auspicious, seven being a sacred number. At any rate, the institution which had been the object of so many councils and prayers

was now fairly launched, and its long and illustrious career was well begun.

Mr. Hutchins was a Dartmouth graduate of good ability and excellent scholarship, who won the warm regard of citizens and pupils alike. For four years he presided over the infant school, leaving in 1819 to take charge of another academy for two years, after which he retired to a farm in Westmoreland, N. H., where he lived for forty-four years.

The second principal, Mr. John Luke Parkhurst, a graduate of Brown University, printed a catalogue in the fall of 1819 when he assumed charge, showing that the seven original students had grown to one hundred and four, of whom nineteen were women, and eighty-five were men. There appear to have been many interruptions in the school-life during his administration, much of the time regular sessions being suspended and only private recitations held. The wheels of the chariot dragged so heavily that in 1822, the year he retired, there were no graduates at all. He withdrew to be a teacher and editor elsewhere for more than twenty years, when he also retired to a farm.

New life and vigor came to the Academy when Israel Newell came in 1822 to preside over its destinies for thirteen years. A graduate of Bowdoin, he was a good teacher and an excellent executive. Organizing the school more thoroughly, his stimulating influence upon his pupils was marked, and he gave to the Academy a reputation and standing it had not previously possessed. With an average attendance of a little more than one hundred students each year, the tuition received during Mr. Newell's term of service was never equal to his salary. Yet it was a most useful school, and many men of ability, who afterwards rendered valuable and eminent service in state and church, were trained by him. Two years after he took charge

of the school the first Academy building was burned (1824), and a new edifice of modest proportions was erected, which fifteen years later became the wing of the main Academy building, which for more than forty years was the home of the growing school.

Worn in health by the exacting duties of his office, Mr. Newell resigned in 1835, and returned to Maine. The Trustees then selected as the fourth principal of the Academy a young man just graduating from Dartmouth College, Cyrus Smith Richards, who was to be the presiding genius in a development which placed this Academy in the very first rank of American preparatory schools, and whose leadership was to continue for thirty-six years. He was a graduate of the Academy, and during his senior year in college had taught Mr. Newell's classes in the school here during two considerable periods. A keen and critical scholar, and with a rare power of creating enthusiasm in his pupils, he seemed to the Trustees just the man to undertake the responsible task of shaping the future of the institution and with good promise of success. On the day he graduated from college they surprised him by electing him to the principalship. After careful consideration, he accepted the position, and for more than three and a half decades he poured his life into the school and into the hundreds of young lives which came under the inspiring influence of his strong personality. He at once raised the standard of scholarship, determined that students of Kimball Union Academy seeking entrance to college should be as thoroughly prepared as those from the very best institutions in the country. Within five years he had persuaded those who were about establishing a Female Seminary in this village, toward which Madame Kimball had promised to give \$10,000, to make it an integral part of the Academy, as a special department. He increased the

teaching force so that three men and two women specially equipped for their work, were the permanent teachers, with such assistants as were needed. The rapidly increasing patronage of the school, to which young men and women from many states and from Canada flocked for instruction, justified the larger plans and the more thorough-going discipline which he inaugurated. He associated with himself strong and efficient teachers in every department, under whom it was a delight to study. A serious illness in 1870 caused him in 1871 to lay down a burden which had grown too heavy for him, and he resigned to become the Dean of the Preparatory Department in Howard University in Washington, D. C., where he continued for fourteen happy years, dying in harness just after he had completed half a century of teaching, and had graduated his fiftieth class. The year before his death, General Eaton, United States Commissioner of Education announced at the National Teachers' Association that Dr. Richards had fitted more young men for college than any other teacher in the country.

In the forty-two years since that time eight principals have presided over the school with rare fidelity. The Rev. John E. Goodrich, a graduate of the University of Vermont and a superior scholar, served for a single year, and withdrew to become professor in his *Alma Mater* at Burlington.

He was followed by the Rev. Lewis A. Austin, a graduate of Middlebury College, who for three years stood at the helm, and later gave instruction in Greek in the school.

Then came in 1875, Mr. George J. Cummings, a graduate of Kimball Union and of Dartmouth, and a teacher here for six years before he became principal. A wise and skilful administrator, the school prospered during the five years of his guidance, and regretted his withdrawal in 1880 to become prin-

principal of Monson Academy, which he left in 1885 to become the successor of Dr. Cyrus S. Richards a second time, following him as the Dean of the Preparatory Department in Howard University in Washington, D. C., a position he has admirably filled for twenty-eight years.

After him came in 1880, Mr. Marshall R. Gaines, who for four years stood at the head of the school, leaving it to take charge of the Tillotson Institute in Texas, and to engage in missionary work in Japan.

Mr. David G. Miller, valedictorian of his class at Dartmouth in 1884, came that fall to take the principalship, which he held for six years, then going to Cleveland, O., and later to Taunton, Mass., as principal.

He was followed in 1890 by Mr. William H. Cummings, another graduate of Dartmouth, who served faithfully for ten years, carrying the school out of the Nineteenth Century and over the threshold of the Twentieth, leaving in 1900 to become Superintendent of Schools in Hadley, Mass.

Mr. Ernest R. Woodbury, a graduate of Bowdoin College, and with three years' experience in teaching elsewhere, then took charge of the school, remaining five years, and leaving to become principal of the academy in Saco, Maine.

The twelfth principal is Mr. Charles Alden Tracy, a graduate here in 1893, and of Dartmouth in 1897, whose administration has been one of marked wisdom and success, and whose leadership gives promise of decided progress in the future. The increase in assets which have lately been secured are largely due to his initiative and skill, and his large plans for the advancement of the institution have awakened enthusiasm among all its friends. May the seven years of his principalship be multiplied at least five-fold.

But if the school owes much to its principals, it also owes much to the able and scholarly assistants. Words of high praise should be given to the brilliant Charles Shedd ; to Alphonso Wood, the eminent botanist; to Cyrus Baldwin, the polished grammarian and philosophic thinker; to Elihu T. Rowe, the soldier-preacher; to Abel Wood, the sweet singer; to L. Henry Cobb, the great church builder; to Nathan Barrows, the scientist, and to many others. Nor should we fail to mention the faithful and accomplished women who have taught here, such as Martha M. Green, S. Helen Richards, Mary S. Bates, Emily S. Kent, Mary S. Prentiss, Mary M. Nudd, and many others whose names shine like stars in the memory of their pupils.

Those who were here in the Fifties and Sixties perhaps saw the school at the highest tide of its prosperity. It was an impressive sight when the army of young people at the summons of the Academy bell streamed up the hill from east and west and across the campus, pouring the flood of young life into the chapel for morning prayers. Three hundred and twenty-five boys and girls crowded the room one term. At one time the total enrollment for the year was over five hundred. Graduating classes ranged from forty to nearly sixty. The chapel service was simple and inspiring, the music being led by the "Harmonic Society" without the support of piano or organ. It was good singing, too, being so good, in fact, that one winter the "Harmonic Society" sang through the old "Handel and Haydn Collection" of English Glees under the guidance of Mr. Abel Wood.

Twice a week, after the religious service, the principal or one of his assistants gave a talk to the school on conduct, character, hygiene, duty, manners, education, or some other topic upon which the experience and wisdom of the teacher might be

of help to the student. Sometimes it was a searching and earnest talk upon the religious life. It was like a big family gathering, in which fatherly counsel illuminated the minds waiting for light.

After the ten-minute talk the classes went trooping off to No. 5, No. 6, Ladies' Hall, the Lecture Room, or other rooms, and the vigorous, clean-cut, stimulating, intellectual training was at once in full swing. Mastery was the ideal; every difficulty conquered, every branch of study mastered. The curriculum was narrower than now, but the mental discipline was admirable.

The 12 o'clock bell gave surcease for two hours from this exacting work, with a chance for dinner and recreation. And who shall say that New Hampshire boys and girls could not find plenty of wholesome sport, even though modern baseball and football and tennis and golf were as yet unknown here. Coasting was then, as now, a favorite winter recreation. Perhaps no one here remembers the day when Charlie Glidden (later Judge Glidden of Ohio) sat on a sled, holding the tongue of a big horse sled behind on which were packed twenty-eight girls, all in a twitter because they were to toboggan down the hill and thus get the sensation of their lives. Starting from Bryant Block they went like a shot past the principal's house, and like a streak of lightning across the level space beyond. As he approached the parsonage, Glidden saw to his horror Mr. Samuel Bean with his fine horse and sleigh just at the bridge at the foot of the hill. He had to decide in a second whether to steer off the bridge into the icy creek, perhaps breaking the limbs or necks of the twenty-eight girls, or sacrifice himself on the horse and sleigh. He chose the latter. His sled struck Mr. Bean's rig like a catapult, knocked the horse down, smashed the sleigh, injured both men, but spilled the girls out into the

soft snow without harm. Glidden was the orator of the school and his tongue was split open, but it was sewed up so well by the skilful doctor that he was later a silver-tongued spellbinder and honored jurist in the "Buckeye" State. Such was the sport, and such the gallantry of those days.

Two o'clock, and the hard work of study hours and classroom was on again.

Evening came, and once a week the Philadelphian and Minervian societies made the welkin ring with speech and poem and essay and debate. The girls were a fair match for their brothers in these matters. Once a term the public meetings of these societies revealed to large audiences what budding geniuses were here. It was a great night when Frederick Noble smashed the Fugitive Slave Law into splinters; soon after he went down to Yale trailing clouds of glory behind him. And there have been other great nights and great speakers from that day to this. If the ladies did not handle such exciting political themes, they far surpassed the suffragettes of today in the sanity, brilliancy, and beauty of their papers.

The vicissitudes through which the school has passed, out of which it has come to a new success, deserve to be recalled.

The first serious interruption to a prosperity which had been unbroken for thirty years came with the outbreak of the Civil War. When the Union was imperiled and Abraham Lincoln called for volunteers ready to risk their lives on "the far flung battle line", in order that "government of the people, by the people, and for the people might not perish from the earth", there was a mighty stir among the young hearts here. The fire of patriotism was at white heat in every bosom. The echo of the guns at Sumter and Bull Run roused the young men to a sense of deep responsibility. The play-ground became a drill-

camp. An expert drill master from Norwich University came to train the entire student force of young men in the soldier's art. Many enlisted. Nearly the entire class of '61 donned the blue uniform and marched away to the front. One of the permanent teachers, Mr. Rowe, went for a year as chaplain. Our boys gave a good account of themselves, winning chevrons and bars and stars to indicate that they were corporals and sergeants, adjutants, captains, majors, colonels, or generals. Many of them returned no more, having given their lives as a sacrifice for their country. For four years this absence of young men in the army seriously diminished the attendance here, and the increased needs of the home kept many of the young women away.

Another deterrent to the prosperity of the school came with the development of high schools in many of the larger towns of the state. These provided educational facilities for many students nearer home, and as a matter of economy and convenience they withdrew their attendance from here. The state thus took over a considerable constituency of the Academy, causing a serious depletion of its ranks.

The meagre endowment of the school yielded smaller returns as the years went on. This had a crippling effect, reducing the teaching force and diminishing the attractiveness of the school as compared with other schools with large endowments. Thus the school dwindled, till it reached its lowest ebb, having in one term only twenty-five scholars, or less than one-twelfth of its record attendance.

Just then the "hundred dollar plan" was introduced, and it turned the tide. It was first suggested by Miss Myrah Everest (now Mrs. Caldwell) that if a worthy young person would bring \$100 cash, and would work under direction of the school authorities a certain number of hours each week, he should have

a year's schooling, tuition free. This boon was eagerly accepted by many, and sixty or seventy "hundred-dollar students" were quickly enrolled.

But while these brave and plucky workers were thus holding the plow with one hand, and Cicero or Sallust with the other, a new calamity burst upon the school. The cry of "Fire" rang out through the startled village, and in a few hours the time-honored Academy building, whose classic beauty and dignity had won the admiration and affection of fifty generations of student classes, lay a smouldering heap of ashes. As though Providence meant to make a clean sweep here, fire soon afterward destroyed the old hotel and lightning fell with a double stroke upon the church, leaving the hilltop a scene of desolation. It is not strange that many thought the Academy had reached its *nunc dimittis*, and that its end had come.

But they failed to estimate the courage and resolution of those then in active service here. Recitations were not suspended for a single day, but went on in the village schoolhouse and in Bryant Hall. Steps were quickly taken for the restoration of the buildings. And here they stand today, better and more beautiful than ever. The overwhelming calamity has turned out to be a blessing in disguise.

The name of Arthur F. Spaulding should be crowned with our laurel today, for in the inception of the hundred-dollar plan which he made a success, and in the transmuting of these calamities into victories, he was a tower of strength here. His courage and devotion, his sagacity and strenuous personal effort were largely instrumental in the rehabilitation of the school.

Other names will also be kept in lasting remembrance, of those whose generous donations have added to the equipment or endowment of the Academy. This is not the place for the

complete statement of such donors and their gifts, but we gratefully recall the names of Dexter Richards, who, after the disastrous fires, provided the hall which bears his name and made other large gifts; of John D. Bryant, whose family was intimately connected with that of the founder, and who gave Bryant Hall and other large donations to the school; of the Duncan family, who perpetuate the memory of two treasurers, father and son, by their gift; of Alfred S. Hall, whose donation of the experimental farm in memory of his son, opens a new opportunity for the school; of Dr. E. K. Baxter, and J. F. Kilton, and Elijah Burnap, whose splendid gifts have helped to secure the future of the Academy. Many other alumni have contributed toward the perpetuation and enlarged usefulness of this time-honored institution. We look forward gladly to the completion of the new endowment of \$150,000, and also to the new Gymnasium, the new Dormitory, and the Laboratory building, which, it is hoped, will stand around the campus in due time. They are all essential for the larger work this Academy is now called upon to do.

What have been the characteristics of this school which have given it distinction among its fellows?

Thoroughness of scholarship stands first. Whatever work is done here must be done well. Superficial smatterers, content to pick up a few facts while they have no real mastery of the topic studied, have never found comfort here. They have been tormented by the drill and discipline which the teachers required who made this school famous, and soon have be-taken themselves to easier places. Here the standard has been kept high because of the conviction that the only way to make strong men and women, able to think straight and do the world's best work, is to drill them into habits of accuracy, mental alert-

ness, certainty of knowledge, mental grasp of the problems considered. The human mind is a tool to be of great service in life, and here it is to be developed, and tempered into elasticity, made supple and keen, and thoroughly fitted for most effective use. The Greek and Latin and Mathematics and other branches of study are the machinery by which this mental equipment is made complete, and hard, thorough going work provides the fire that tempers the steel and the grindstone that puts on the edge of the Damascus blade.

Doubtless it was this thoroughness that enabled Chief Justice Walbridge A. Field, a graduate here, to go through Dartmouth with a perfect mark in every study; and that caused this Academy to furnish ten college presidents to the country representing over one hundred and eighty-five years of service; and provided governors and senators and judges and statesmen to render such large public service to our land.

It has been said that the end of education is efficiency; that its aim is not so much to store the memory with facts, as to secure the highest mental, moral, and physical efficiency. And to an unusual degree this institution has done that. It has taken the sturdy youth of this section of the country, and has taught them concentration and self-possession, the ability to apply all their powers to the task in hand, thus giving them the first principles of sound thinking, and the knowledge that hard work is better than genius. It has sent forth its graduates with broader horizons and loftier visions. The discipline of mind has made them helpful citizens and successful workers in the world. They have multiplied their power tenfold by the thorough work which developed and trained them here.

The emphasis laid upon *character* has been another marked feature of this school. It is not enough to make good scholars. Far more important is it to make strong men and noble women.

If character consists of ideals, convictions, habits, and spirit, the most important part of education lies in implanting the noblest ideals, developing convictions, giving drill in right habits, and the culture of a worthy spirit. It is a good thing to know how to "read, write, and cipher", and how to demonstrate a problem in Euclid or scan a line in Virgil; but it is a grander thing to know how to lead an ideal life. It is a good thing to impart knowledge: but it is a far finer and more necessary thing to mould a life into that image which shall reflect the splendor of God's plan for it.

Exactly this has been a prime aim of this institution. It has been even more ambitious to turn out young men and women who should be a blessing to the world, than to produce star scholars to carry off prizes and honors at Dartmouth and Yale. The standard of Manhood here has been kept high, fairly matching that of King Arthur who (according to Tennyson) spoke of his Round Table as

"A glorious company, the flower of men,
To serve as models for the mighty world,
And be the fair beginning of a time.
I made them lay their hands in mine, and swear
To reverence the King as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity."

If this institution had this lofty aim for the young men under its influence, not less high was its purpose for their sisters. It sought to help each one of them to become

"The perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, to command."

The high ideals thus set before the young people assembled here may not always have been realized. You cannot make saints to order. But the hundreds of youth who have received their academic training in this school would doubtless bear unanimous testimony to the fact that Meriden has been a great character-making place, that they received impressions and impulses here that lifted their lives to a loftier level. The inspiration received here has helped to make them better men and women.

In immediate connection with this there appears another leading feature of the Academy, viz., its *strong religious spirit*. It must not be forgotten that a primary purpose in establishing this school was that there might be begun here the training of an educated ministry. The founders had the same feeling as did those who established Harvard College, and who wrote in 1643 that they sought "to advance Learning, and perpetuate it to Posterity; dreading to leave an illiterate Ministry to the churches, when our present Ministers shall lie in the dust". For many years there was a considerable group of young men here whose hearts were set on preaching the gospel as their life-work. They were poor in pocket, but rich in faith. They were working their way through a ten-year course of training in Academy, College and Seminary, that they might then be pastors or missionaries in the service of the Christian church. As the nation supports the students at West Point and Annapolis who are being trained to fight its battles, so these cadets of the church were assisted by a special fund set apart for their aid. Not less than \$25,000 has been expended here to lighten the burden of these embryo preachers. Many other graduates of the school entered the Christian ministry who received no such aid; but doubtless this fund to carry out the original intent of the founders is an important reason for the fact that there have gone

forth from this school not less than four hundred ministers of the gospel in this country, and twenty-nine missionaries in foreign lands, the latter representing over four hundred and fifty years of service.

The presence of a group with such serious intent had a very wholesome effect on the life of the school. It was like the effect of a group of student volunteers in a school today. It reminded all of the higher interests of life, and of the supremacy of the claims of the Christian religion upon every soul. Reinforced by the daily chapel service, at which the principal or one of his assistants frequently pressed home upon the conscience the duty of each one to submit the will to God, and consecrate the whole life to the one great Master of life, it is not strange that many here dedicated themselves to Christ and his service. Seasons of special religious interest occasionally added their deep impression. The religious meetings of the young people were very interesting and helpful. Many a Christian home and many a pastorate dates back to this hilltop where life had its new-birth, and caught a vision of the supreme realities. And we are glad to think that the great world-wide movement for the development of the Christian life of young people in all lands of the world, the Young People's Christian Endeavor Society, a realized dream of the distinguished President of the Board of Trustees of this Academy, Dr. Francis E. Clark, has one of its roots reaching back to his school days here. Thus has there been exhibited in this school through its century of life a fine example of Christian education, in which nurture of the spiritual life has gone hand in hand with intellectual training.

Another marked feature of the Academy deserving special notice has been its *co-education*. It is difficult for us to realize in our day the skepticism that formerly prevailed concerning

higher education for women. In these times when the great women's colleges are turning out mathematicians and philosophers and philologists by hundreds, and Cornell and Oberlin and the great state universities are offering their courses on equal terms to girls as well as boys, it seems a matter of course for a girl to seek as broad and complete an education as her brother.

Our forefathers would have stood aghast at the sight. Men must be highly educated, they thought, for they must meet on equal terms the trained scholars and statesmen of the world. But woman is mistress of the home, and needs to know only enough to order her household well. Let her stick to her distaff, and let grammar and science alone. Learning will spoil her loveliness, they said. Too much education will rob her of her skill as cook and housemother. To be sure, Miriam the prophetess, and Deborah the judge, and Hypatia the philosopher, and Portia the lawyer, and Elizabeth the highly educated Queen, had shown in history and drama what women might do. But they were regarded by our ancestors as freaks, the abnormal sports of nature, and no fit example for the average girl.

A hundred and twenty-five years ago in a Connecticut hill-town, another academy was started by another Revolutionary officer whose granddaughter became the wife of the fourth principal of this institution, and whose great-granddaughters are here today. Because he proposed to include in his classes young women as well as young men, he was set upon by his church and denounced as an impious violator of the Divine plan for the sexes, which never intended to have women know as much as men. It took a council of churches to quiet these alarmists, and persuade them to let that academy develop, which afterwards became the pride of the town.

Such was the doubt which was quite prevalent a century ago as to the wisdom and value of an education for women co-equal with that for men. Slowly that doubt was dissipated and it came to be regarded as desirable for a girl to go hand in hand with her brother through an academic training as far as the door of the college—then she was to stop short.

In the earlier classes here, a few girls recited with the boys. We count in the General Catalogue eighty-five names of women in the classes preceding 1840. In that year, Madam Kimball having been persuaded to give up her pet plan of building a separate seminary for girls a quarter of a mile away, a special department for young women was organized in the Academy, and the institution was definitely committed to co-education. Those in charge of the school believed in it. They were convinced that women were capable of receiving as high an education as men, and were as much entitled to it, and were sure that the effect on each of studying the same subjects, in the same classes would be salutary and inspiring. The fact that six hundred women, more than a third of the number of male graduates, have received diplomas from this institution, and that hundreds more have taken partial courses here abundantly vindicates the judgment of those who inaugurated this department. The girls have done every whit as well as the boys, and have carried the culture and spirit of this school into hundreds of homes all over this land.

Very naturally there was some fear that the mutual attraction of the sexes might breed distraction in the studies. Great precautions were taken to prevent such a catastrophe. The famous "Rule 20" provided that there should be no communication between the boys and girls except on certain rare occasions and under strict limitations. And the rule worked pretty well. The girls sat on one side of the chapel and classroom,

and the boys on the other, demure and absorbed in the topic in hand. But electricity is an eccentric and unmanageable force, and the way the sparks would leap from some eyes across the aisle making hearts tingle on the other side was amazing. Cupid was not allowed to have his name in the catalogue, but he occasionally got into the school, and his darts went home to the right spot. There was not much love making apparent, but the General Catalogue seems to indicate that a considerable number of young men found here the finest girls they ever saw, and afterwards persuaded them to become their companions for life. Even those who went from here heart-free, inquire on returning in later years for their girl class-mates with as keen an interest as for the boys, remembering the comradeship in study in which the girls pushed the boys hard for first rank. Many are saying today with Dr. Holmes,

“Where are the Marys and Anns and Elizas
Known and beloved of yore?
Look in the columns of old advertisers,
Married and dead by the score.”

It was not Meriden that Dr. A. L. Stone of Boston once described in a lecture when he pictured a young couple going home from singing school of a winter night in a sleigh. Two columns of steam issued from their lips in the frosty air, rising like two pillars of cloud in the wilderness. Gradually these approached each other till presently they blended into one. Surely that could not have happened in Meriden: it would have been too palpable a violation of Rule 20. Yet innocent hearts did flutter here sometimes, and lives that began to glow here with tender heat were afterwards welded into indissoluble union. The 1600 boys who graduated here will never forget the 600 girls who studied by their side. And the fact that no interrup-

tion of thoroughgoing work in the studies was occasioned by their working in the same classes has proved here, as it has elsewhere, the value of co-education.

What of the future? Doubtless the historian should be chary of indulging in prophecy. But the review of the hundred years of struggle and success, of difficulties vanquished and achievements won, of equipment steadily increased and a long and splendid honor roll of more than two thousand, two hundred graduates who have enriched the life of our country with intellectual and spiritual wealth garnered here, compels us to anticipate a large and noble work for the Academy in the coming years. Its work is not yet done; it is only well begun.

The need of this institution is as great today as when it began a century ago. There are just twice as many people in New Hampshire now as there were when Governor Gilman signed the charter in 1813. There are twice as many young people on the farms and in the towns and villages as there were then. And it is twice as important for them to have a good education, because of the more complex life and the keener competition of our day. While more abundant provision is made for them through the improved graded schools and the excellent high schools in some localities, multitudes of these young men and women cannot obtain this needed education at home or near home. Many of them have rich native endowments, but like their predecessors of a century ago, they are poor in pocket. New England is a very prosperous section of the country, yet the millionaires among its hills and valleys are comparatively few. The great majority of them are still frugal, thrifty, high-minded, hard-working, independent people, whose children want an education at moderate cost, but want it of the very best. Here is a school in a beauty-spot of the Granite State,

amid healthiest surroundings, with the highest intellectual standards, and a pure and stimulating Christian atmosphere, with a fine equipment of buildings, and a strong faculty of expert teachers, and the tradition of a hundred years of the best kind of work behind it; and it opens its doors wide to all who would drink of the spring of knowledge. And hither will come flocking, as of yore, hundreds of youth from countryside and village and town and city, either to be prepared for college or university, or to receive that all-round, up-to-date academic training that will enable them to make the most of life in the home, on the farm, or in business.

Moreover, a new opportunity opens before the school in the wider scope of country life today to which it may minister. The old isolation is disappearing. Life has broadened for those in the rural home. The farmer of today may keep in touch with the great world through the telephone; perhaps he whirls along the country road in his automobile; his wife belongs to a club or two; the latest books and magazines are on his table; his boy goes to the State College to learn the latest methods of scientific farming; his daughter teaches school a term or two and buys a player-piano for the home. The people are more neighborly than they used to be. Community life enlarges, gains in zest and enjoyment, and all the citizens feel the thrill and uplift of a new order of things. We have not yet begun to realize the full meaning of real community-life, in which all the people of a village or township may share more fully each other's blessings, and in which the common life pours its invigorating and joy-giving tides into each individual life. This is the meaning of the new rural movement which is making itself felt all over our land. Such an institution as this may be a powerful factor in this movement, and we may expect it to be a more effective instrument for the betterment

of the state and nation in the next hundred years than in the century just closed.

We wish the prophetic eye could see within a year or two an electric car-line running through this village from Lebanon to Claremont or Windsor, so that this place might be easier of access. But whatever the means of locomotion, for the true lover of the old school days at Kimball Union Academy, all roads lead to Meriden. It is a magnet that draws many a veteran back to the scenes of his youth, and as he stands again amid the entrancing beauty of this hilltop, and his eye takes in once more the rare loveliness of field and forest, of mountain and valley, and as memory with backward glance pictures to his mind the teachers and comrades of the brave days of old when he was a student here, he devoutly exclaims, "Thank God for Kimball Union Academy and all it has accomplished! May the blessing of heaven still attend it, and guide it to yet larger usefulness in the years to come!"

THE CENTENNIAL ODE

A hundred years!

They sweep before our view
Soft-hued with mists of tears
Or bright with memories of days
That shine like gold.

No poet's tongue has told
The story of those years of high ideals,
But every loyal son and daughter true
Of Kimball Union knows her worth, and feels
The debt they owe her can be paid by few.
So gladly now they join the gathering throng

That come to celebrate her hundredth year,
And joyously rings out in voices strong
Her honored name in loyal song and cheer.

A hundred years!
On rock-ribbed granite hills
Small change appears.
Ascutney's bulk uprears
Against the sky, and still it fills
The outlines of a century ago.
The students on this hill-top site
So long ago looked to that distant height
And knew it as to-day we know.
They walked these self-same roads, knew just such days
Of azure sky and drifting, fleecy cloud;
They looked out o'er these hills with just such gaze
Of youthful zeal inspired to action proud.
With all who dwelt here in the years gone by
We cannot fail to feel a kinship strong;
Time takes its toll of buildings fair and high,
And some are gone that on this hill stood long;
But all who came and went on this old hill,
Though knowing not our present goodly halls,
Felt this same vital air, knew the sharp thrill
Of frosty breath when autumn's verdure falls,
And loved the beauty of snow-whitened hill;
The campus woods, the distant mountain walls,
Were theirs first, but they are with us still.

A hundred years!
The school to-day looks back to early days,
And finds indeed much change;
Their books, their rules seem strange,
They found amusement in such different ways;
And yet through all the years the same ideal
Of Christian character still holds its place,
And now to-day its strong appeal
Is on the hill, and here we feel
An impulse lift us from the mean and base
To rise superior to our low desires,
To be the thing God saw in that far day
When first He fashioned man with earthly fires
But put a God-like soul within the clay.

Honor be hers, and glory, and renown;
Her sons and daughters here with loud acclaim
And one accord extol the glorious name
Her hundred vanished years have handed down.
Long live the old school on the hill!
And when another hundred years are flown,
And we no longer on this earth are known,
May honored Kimball Union stand here still!

MARION RICHARDSON HEATH,
Preceptress 1907-1909

THE PAGEANT OF MERIDEN

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Master of the Pageant

ARTHUR FARWELL

Composer and Director of the Music

MARION LANGDON

Director of the Costuming

MADELINE RANDALL

Director of the Dancing

H. K. LLOYD

Designer of the Poster



THE CLASSICS



THE BIRDS



THE HEBREWS



NATURE SPIRITS

EPISODES OF THE PAGEANT

I. INTRODUCTION: THE VISION OF EDUCATION

- | | |
|-------------------------------|------|
| 1. The Settling of Meriden | 1769 |
| 2. The Starting of the Church | 1780 |

II. INTERLUDE: THE CLASSICS

- | | |
|--------------------------------|------|
| 3. The Founding of the Academy | 1813 |
| 4. The Coming of the Girls | 1840 |
| 5. Going to the Civil War | 1861 |
| 6. The Height of the Academy | 1867 |

III. INTERLUDE: CLARENCE AND REUBEN

- | | |
|------------------------|------|
| 7. The Ebb of the Tide | 1889 |
| 8. Back to the Soil | 1899 |

IV. INTERLUDE: THE BIRDS

- | | |
|--------------------|------|
| 9. The New Academy | 1913 |
|--------------------|------|

V. FINALE: EDUCATION IN THE NEW COUNTRY LIFE

THE PAGEANT OF MERIDEN, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Education in the New Country Life

BY WILLIAM CHAUNCY LANGDON, MASTER OF THE PAGEANT

The following article by Mr. Langdon, is, in part, reprinted from The American City of April, 1914, by courtesy of the editor and with the author's permission.

The complete text of The Pageant of Meriden may be obtained from the Secretary of the Pageant Committee, Meriden, N. H. Price, thirty cents each postpaid.

The Pageant of Meriden, New Hampshire, was the third of a series of Pageants of the New Country Life, the other two being Thetford, Vermont, 1911, and St. Johnsbury, Vermont, 1912. These pageants all three, like most of the regular pag-

eants, followed the model of Louis N. Parker's Pageant of Sherborne, England, 1905, and were in an important sense historical pageants. But they were more than historical, for the drama of the community was carried down to the present and on into the future to reflect in advance the gleam of those ideal conditions which the New Country Life movement is so successfully bringing to realization. As these new conditions make the near future by far the most important period in the history of these towns, so accordingly in the pageant-drama the historical incidents for all the episodes of the past are selected with a view to their suggestive foretelling of this ideal future, and all the dramatic and artistic treatment is focussed so as to lead up to it and glorify it.

Meriden is a village of about two hundred inhabitants, twelve miles back from the Connecticut River at Cornish. Kimball Union Academy is located there and adds two hundred more to the population. During its one hundred years, the Academy has at all times held a respected and often eminent position among country academies. At present it is of more than usual importance, for the reason that as a matter of definite policy, it has given itself to working out the true function of education in the new country life of America. This cannot be too strongly stated. By action of the Trustees and by the administrative and pedagogical practice of the Principal, Charles Alden Tracy, and the faculty, the Academy is intent upon the purpose that the education there offered to the young people of the surrounding agricultural region shall really prepare them for the life they are going to lead and train them to make of the life of the farm a high source of joy, culture and inspiration for fine citizenship. This is the theme of the pageant, reproduced from the actual facts in the past and present life of this New Hampshire town and its academy, and expressed by

means of all the contributory arts of drama, music, color, and motion in accordance with the strictest technical laws of the new out-door art of pageantry.

The pageant grounds were on the side of a hill, looking across a valley to the hill-top on which stand Meriden and the Academy, and to the lofty height of Ascutney rising beyond. The grounds are on a farm recently given to the Academy for its agricultural laboratory by Mr. Alfred S. Hall of Boston, in memory of his son, and so called the Francis C. Hall Memorial Farm. The grandstand was erected near the top of the hill, and the grounds where the scenes transpired sloped down into a thick growth of small pines, over the tops of which was seen the village, which was the hero of the pageant.

Life is a crystallization of feeling. So it is becoming more and more clear that in the pageant-drama music must be used as a unit, not merely incidentally, to express the underlying feeling that runs through all community life as well as individual life, and to emphasize the unity of that community development by re-enforcing the unity in the pageant-drama. In a word, the growing understanding of the pageant as an art-form reveals it not simply as community drama, but as community music drama. So used, music contributes to the needed flow of unity in the series of episodes without interfering with the separate articulateness of the successive generations in their distinct episodes. In this way it was used in the Pageant of Meriden, the music of which, composed by Arthur Farwell, entered essentially into the pageant unity.

The pageant began with the sounding in the orchestra of the broad, strong motif of Education. Immediately the music changed to the wild, unrestrained whirl of the Nature Spirits, who swept out of the woods on either side and danced in untrammelled ecstasy, back and forth in the glade. Then to a

motif founded on an old Puritan hymn tune in the brass, while the Nature Spirit music continues in the strings and woodwind, there appears a group of pioneers with their families, toiling up the hill. They are twice driven back by the frenzied Nature Spirits, but the third time, Education, a strong and virile young man, leads them. He makes a way for them, and following at last they reach the top, where turning they behold the vision of Meriden and the Academy on the hill opposite, the present realization of their dreams for the future. So in ecstasy, lifting up their hands, they burst forth into The Song of the Vision:

Joy! Joy revealed! Behold the glory of far-off years!

Towering mountain, bear our wearied spirits to the skies!

See! See the vision! So at last in spite of fears

God shall crown the harvest hill! Let songs of joy arise!

After this Introduction, the first of the nine realistic episodes represents The Settling of Meriden in 1769 by the Scotchman, Benjamin Kimball, his American wife, and fifteen year old son, Daniel. They have come with the Agent of the Proprietors to look over the land. Incidental to the father's canny bargaining with the agent, is seen his shrewd, kindly training of the boy, inculcating habits of piety, economy, and self-reliance. The lad shoots a rabbit for the dinner in the woods. The father criticizes: "A charge of powder for a rabbit,—yon is na eneuch return, Daniel. You mecht hae snared it. Look gin ye can find the bullet in him. Sae, ye'll get the lead back". To the mother's protest he rejoins: "The lad will ne'er dae weel in this country gin he's aye gieing mair than he's getting", and with the final admonition: "Aye squint a business eye on wha' you're shooting", he lifts the camp kettle off the fire and gathers his family around it. "We'll say grace.

A'mighty Faither, gie us our food the day, and teach us aye tae remember ye and tae be gratefu' tae ye. Amen." Pioneer education had two points of advantage over the education of the present day: it really prepared the young people for the life they were going to lead, and it kept the family together. The essential note of the Academy in its new life was sounded in this episode of the first settler and his young son.

The Starting of the Church in 1780 was the next incident of causal importance to demand representation in the pageant. The old record says that "The Church of Christ in the Eastern part of Plainfield was gathered in the presence of the Rev. Isaiah Potter of Lebanon. And Ruth Pool was baptized when the church was gathered". So the little community gathered together to meet the Lebanon parson, who came over the trail on horseback. The singing of one or two of the old hymns, such as "Sure there's a righteous God", to the tune of Hereford, and "The Lord my pasture will prepare", composed by Dr. Arne, with instrumental accompaniment of one clarinet, made a fine contrast, quaint but rich, to the music of the present. The high and devout standard of life in the first days of the town, albeit somewhat contentious, was depicted in this scene. The educational aspect of the religious interest was brought out in the minister's examination of Ruth Pool, before accepting her for baptism. He asks her how she came to desire to be baptised, and she replies, "I heard the Rev. Samuel Wood preach last winter. I felt my sinfulness, and desired to live the better life, and to help my neighbors to live the better life, and so to gain to Heaven". To the question, "Have you been taught in the Christian truths?" she answers, "I have"; and the others testify, "She has". The minister inquires, "By whom?" "By the neighbors", is the girl's response, which

brings to them the commendation, "So may your good teaching of this lamb of the Good Shepherd stand out in His eyes before your pride of heart". The last fatherly touch is given by old Benjamin Kimball, now getting along in years, inviting his neighbors to use his home as a meeting house, "We can a' come ben in ma ain hoose, richt handy here, as the Lord himsel' and his disciples came together in an upper room. And there the lassie can be taen into the flock of the Guid Shepherd. Ruth, lassie, walk wi' the meenister. You're a bonnie bairn, and you wi' noo be christened."

The first interlude, called *The Classics*, set forth with action, dance, and orchestral music, the character of early nineteenth century culture. In the vicinity of Meriden it was about 1805 that the hardships of settling had been overcome sufficiently to give some leisure. With leisure came the opportunity to use it for good or for ill. With virile, rustic music, a number of farm and forest people come in engaged in their work. Gradually they stop their industrious occupations, one by one, and sit or recline on the grass. Idleness, a taking young person, in soft, pink draperies, impersonated by Miss Madeline Randall, comes out of the woods and dances for them, much to their delight. She persuades some of the young people also to dance, and quickly a quarrel arises, interrupted by the appearance of the minister. He stops the disorder and banishes the graceful, but shameless Idleness. He reads to his people from two large books, *Latin Literature* and the *Old Testament*, while before their rapt, admiring imaginations pass first a group of Romans,—Cæsar, Cicero, and Virgil,—and then a group of Hebrews,—Moses, David, and Isaiah, the music being based respectively on a bold military march, and on a glorious old Jewish hymn.

Inspired by an inherited Scotch appreciation of such classical culture, Daniel Kimball, the fifteen-year-old son of Benjamin Kimball in the first episode, now fifty-nine, founded the Academy, by offering to the Council of the Churches meeting at Windsor, Vermont, \$6,000 at once and all his estate at death, if they would locate their projected academy at his village. The episode of The Founding of the Academy in 1813, represents Daniel Kimball as he is about to set out from Meriden to ride down to Windsor. His personal eccentricities, brought out in his relations with his most suitable wife, and with the young doctor, whom he suspects of being a Democrat, and his nobler qualities as well, were found delightfully recorded in the graphic diary of the young doctor, which was lent by his daughter, Miss Mary Frost, now an old lady of 95 years. But brusque, arbitrary, and domineering to an absurd extent as he was, Daniel Kimball was at the same time also, a practical, large-natured, and generous man. Childless, he had a hungry yearning for young people, and so hailed with emphatic approval, the suggestion of President Dwight of Yale, that the Council establish not a divinity school, but an academy. As he starts off, he lingers to say to his wife, "The young people! And sound learning! They shall be our children, and have our lands and our home forever!" He rides off, but turns in his saddle at the edge of the woods and calls back, "When I come back, Hannah, I shall bring the Academy with me!"

Twenty-seven years later, Mrs. Daniel Kimball, then a widow, increased the endowment of the Academy in order to provide for the extension of its opportunities to girls. The Coming of the Girls in 1840 was, therefore, the next event to be depicted in the pageant. The stage coach arrives, loaded high with its young burden before the eager eyes of the aged benefactress, while the young principal, Cyrus S. Richards, destined

to hold that position for 36 years, restrained first the prejudices and then the enthusiasm of the boy students. Dr. Frost is still by Mrs. Kimball's side, her confidential friend and adviser; otherwise, those of the old days are all gone. She does not regard her gift as a benefaction. It came from a feeling that she and her husband had shared. So when Mr. Richards says to her that the coming of the girls will be the beginning of a new success for the Academy, and that they will all be greatly indebted to her, she replies, "Yes,—yes. But,—they are my children," and looks at Dr. Frost. He understands. Then Mr. Richards, having already admonished the students that they will not be allowed to meet and converse on the street or elsewhere, but that they will meet once a day, for morning or evening devotion, dismisses them, and in words taken from his report to the Trustees, comments to Mrs. Kimball, "The atmosphere of cheerfulness seems already to be spreading over our little community."

When the Civil War came, a good number of students at the Academy enlisted and went to the front. The girls made a flag and presented it to their fellow-students when they left. This was represented with a family group. The student who goes to the front is the son of a Meriden family, and the family are leaving the house to go up with him to join the other students on the campus. His sister, also a student, is one of the girls who have made the flag, and she is carrying it up with her for the presentation. So the episode emphasized the intimate family aspect of the universal parting. Father, mother, son, sister, small boy, brother, who does not realize the seriousness of the occasion, and the grandmother, she who knows the sorrows of life, say their quiet, brief farewells, and go up to the campus, all but the mother. She watches them out of sight,

waving to her boy as he goes. America, her robes torn and blood-stained, comes out from the trees behind her and stretches out her arms in sympathy to her. The music at the top of the hill plays The Battle Hymn of the Republic. The mother turns and sees America and sinks at her feet. The music continues, more and more softly as if receding. America leads the mother back into her home. The music plays on,—“Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord!”

In 1867, when Dr. Richards had for thirty-two years been Principal, the Academy reached the height of its prosperity under the classical tradition. Commencement Day of that year afforded the incidents for this episode, The Height of the Academy. The students are waiting for the exercises of the day to begin, some of them playing the new game, baseball. On the approach of the Principal, to whom they gave, in those days, the name of “the little gentleman in black,” one of them proposes that they sing their class ode for him. Gratified by their compliment, Dr. Richards responded with a speech, which was taken largely from his own writings, and which was rendered very effective by the remarkable delineation of the character of the old-time Principal, by one of the present teachers, Mr. Frank M. Howe. Curious to our ears sound the words of gentle enthusiasm, the very essence of the classical culture (his own words), which he addressed to them: “America looks to her educated men and women for leadership. Let her not be disappointed of us. There is no training for life equal to the mental discipline of the great classics of Greece and Rome. I have noticed over and over again at times when the Divine Spirit has poured out His refreshing grace, the remarkable feature, that a very large majority of those who were hopefully the subjects of Grace belonged to the Classical Department.” There

is always something of the pathetic in success and the height of prosperity, a fact that is not always recognized. So the Principal goes on to refer to the causes which were soon to bring the Academy's fortunes down into hardship, the new public high schools springing up in the towns round about, and the great development of the cities and of the west, drawing heavily on the farm districts of New England for fresh blood. Then himself one with his Academy, he voices the same feeling in regard to his own labors, the personal echoing the institutional:

"I have so far given thirty-two years of my life to this institution. It cannot be that I am to remain very much longer. I offered my resignation to the Trustees at their meeting yesterday, but they very generously urged me to withdraw it. (Cheers from the students) I have done so. (Cheers) Soon, however, there will come a graduating class with which I, too, will pass on. We must all leave the scenes of our best toil and finest joy. But, young ladies and gentlemen, let us not forget them! God bless you!"

The words for the Class Ode here used were from that of the Class of 1870, written by Miss Etta E. Boothe, and they were set to music by Miss Mary Hoyt, of the Class of 1915.

Thus, in successive episodes, were shown at a sweep, the founding, the extension, the sacrifice, and the prosperity of the Academy and its village. Before the pageant went on to remember the low period of the Academy's fortunes, when from two hundred and twenty, its student roll went down to twenty-four, there came an interlude, Clarence and Reuben, illustrating with humorous symbolism, the economic conditions in the country at large, that accompanied, or that caused the depletion of the agricultural districts, and of the old country academies so intimately associated with them. To orchestral music based on southern cracker tunes and original rag-time with an occasional touch of Yankee Doodle and Dixie, which might be described as an Americanesque, Uncle Sam and his two sons, Clarence, the city son, with his wife and two children, and



THE PEOPLE OF MERIDEN SAVED FROM IDLENESS



THE GENERATIONS KNEELING BEFORE THE ALTAR

Reuben, the country son, with his wife and ten children, act out a pantomime wherein Clarence is always prospering in the favor of the genial Uncle Sam, at the expense of Reuben, although there is, at the end, some realization on the part of both Uncle Sam and Clarence, of the inherent dignity and nobility of the country brother.

Then the low point, which is also always the point of rise, The Ebb of the Tide, showing the conditions in the spring of 1889. Along the woodland road comes a wagon, drawn by a pretty lean horse, and driven by a farmer, spare and rugged, of keen eye, but dispirited manner. With him is his wife, and in behind, with a bundle of clothes and a few books, is a boy of about sixteen. They have saved up money, little by little, and they want their son to have schooling at the Academy. Inquiry of the principal and one of the teachers reveals the fact, however, that, as the boy has no intention of going into the ministry, he is not eligible for a scholarship, and the money saved is not, otherwise, nearly enough to pay the cost for the year. In bitter, silent disappointment, the father says, "Guess we might as well get right back home, Sarah. Come on, Jim. Get in. It ain't no use taking the gentleman's time." He turns the horse around and starts to drive off. The principal, however, calls them back, draws from them the story of their struggle in the hard times, their ambition for the boy, and their desire to see him before they die "bringing up his family without dreading the interest every three months,—enjoying life." The boy shows the right spirit, and so the principal tells them that there is under consideration, a plan whereby a student may receive full tuition and home for a single payment of \$100, and an hour a day spent in work about the Academy. The boy is taken in on this plan. This "\$100 Plan," as it was called, was

much more than a wise financial scheme whereby the Academy was enabled to attract students to its halls, and secure cash to strengthen its position at a time when the closing of its doors seemed inevitable. It was the introduction of practical agricultural and domestic economy into the curriculum, and the recognition of proficiency in these country life essentials as worthy of respect and honor equally with Greek and Latin. From the depths of this ebb-tide period sprang the beginnings of a New Education for the New Country Life of the present.

Especially with this episode I like to associate the poem "School," which Percy MacKaye wrote for the 100th Anniversary Exercises of the Academy, when the pageant was performed.* There is one stanza which finely sets forth the richness of the country material, that waits ready for the guidance of a true education.

"Eben, in mystic tumult of his teens,
Stood bursting—like a ripe seed—into soul.
All his life long he had watched the great hills roll
 Their shadows, tints and sheens
By sun- and moon-rise; yet the bane of hoeing beans
And round of daily chores, his father's toll,
Blotted their beauty; nature was as not:
 He had never *thought*."

The next episode, Back to the Soil, reproduced the first Old Home Day in 1899, and the reviving pride in the past, and love of the old farm which it betokened,—harbingers of the new country life. In this episode, many of the people who took part had been present at the first Old Home Day itself, in a word, took their own parts. The episode was largely

*The entire poem, School, is printed elsewhere in this volume.

made up of the glad hand of welcome to returning friends, and the reminiscent gossip of old comrades, the spirit of neighborly companionship coming to a climax, so far as the pageant was concerned, with the awarding of a "beautifully frosted and decorated cake" (again) to the oldest child of Meriden, John Hall Calif, from birth ninety-four years in residence, who was this time present by proxy, and the adjournment to the Town Hall for further exercises.

The intensive meaning of the pageant was expressed in the next scene, the interlude of *The Birds*. It may be noted that the first crop that Meriden and the Academy reaped from its new farm was not a crop of corn or of hay or of potatoes, but of the beauty and joyous inspiration of their pageant. Enthusiastically following the guidance of Ernest Harold Baynes, the naturalist, who lives there, the people of Meriden have made their village a veritable winter and summer resort for birds. As the local paper expresses it, Meriden is unmistakably "The Bird Village." Here is the "Sanctuary" for which Percy MacKaye wrote his *Bird-Masque*. What is culture, what is education if it does not lead to the joyous life? With this interlude the pageant took wing into its own proper idealism.

An old teacher and one of his former pupils remain from the Old Home Day. He laments the disappointment of his hope that the Academy might be a centre of education in the higher sense of art and culture. The younger man goes off, and the old teacher lies down on the grass to read, as he has so often done before, and soon goes to sleep. The music of the orchestra quietly steals in with dream chords. From out of the woods near the orchestra, comes Music, a youthful figure in violet and

blue, expectant, listening. Deep in the woods is heard the melancholy note of the Wood Pewee. Music smiles. A Song Sparrow flits across the glade, lifts up its head and sings its cheerful, every-day, road-side song. Then other birds dart in and out among the small trees, while the orchestra plays a little bird-song symphonic fantasia, made of their songs over the quiet dream chords. Silence, and from the deep of the woods comes alone the jubilant life-song of the Hermit Thrush. Again! All the birds join in chorus, as the orchestra plays what is really a Hermit Thrush concerto, richer, more triumphant than before, the even-song of the birds. It comes to a close. The birds disappear among the trees to nest. The little Song Sparrow flits back into the bushes. Again there is silence, except for the dream chords. Last, once more the song of the Hermit Thrush and the note of the Pewee, companions of the deep woods, and of life. The dream chords cease. The old teacher wakes up. To his returning young friend, he says that he fell asleep and dreamed that the birds were singing all around him, and that he felt that his dream and his hopes would come true. The birds were little children costumed—rather embodied into bird-form by Marion Langdon, who designed all the costumes of the pageant.

So at last to the realistic idealism of the present! The New Education was an episode made of the student life of the Academy here and there, carried forward into the future a little, so far as could be done with fidelity, to actual advances already begun toward the ideals of the Academy. With scenes and incidents of athletics, of farm work for boys and girls, the excitement of a baseball victory over a neighboring academy, the erection of a new martin pole on the hill, an out-door Latin recitation, a test in judging cattle, and a round of folk-dancing,

the picture of life at Kimball Union Academy as it is, unfolded itself. Through it all the Principal, (Mr. Tracy himself) brings a visitor, showing him the new farm, and explaining to him the work and methods and purposes of the Academy. In reply to the visitor's inquiry about the purpose of the farm to help students work out part of their expenses and to raise food for the Academy, the Principal replies, (quoting words he used on a similar occasion) :

"Yes, partly that is the purpose, but only incidentally. The culture that the soil gives the man through the culture that the man gives the soil. That is what we are after."

To an assertion of the all-sufficiency of the classical education without agriculture, he rejoins:

"So far as that goes, there is a class in Latin down there. You will find more real appreciation of Virgil in any one of those boys and girls than in the average college freshman,—or senior. They get it from their farm work. Virgil was a farmer."

So, too, later he sums up the relation of the village and the Academy in their common life, with the truth as it is believed and practiced in Meriden:

"The whole life of this town is education, and it is—or we are trying to make it—one big family. Education is a community playing its part as a parent to its young people. How can we have any real education if the parents do not come into it? The parent is a teacher, and the teacher is a—minor parent. Education is a thing of the whole community."

The church bell begins to ring over on the hill-top across the valley. In vein of sentiment the Principal continues:

"Here in the shade of these green pines I like to think I see the vision of Education as a living person, at the sound of that bell gathering together all the generations of Meriden, from that first pioneer mother and father and their boy to these students of mine.—Hush! See!"

The orchestra very softly begins to play as though from far away, The Song of the Vision. From the pine trees at the foot of the hill, emerges Education. He gathers rough field stones and builds an altar. From the pines all around him come the Nature Spirits, and stand swaying in the summer breeze. Music and the birds join them. Directly behind the altar, through the branches, comes the Pioneer Mother with her fifteen-year-old boy. She builds a fire on the altar. From one side comes one representing the Village of Meriden, and from the other side, one representing the Academy. The Civil War Mother and the Ebb-Tide Mother come and add fuel to the fire. Then at the command of Education from over the hill on both sides, come all the people of all the generations of Meriden, singing as they pour in, a pageant hymn composed into a fine broad chorus.

Come from all the ages! Swell the joyous throng!
Start the echoes ringing with the burden of your song!
Greet the dawning future with paeons of the strong!

Hail the dauntless settler, mighty to endure!
Hail the sacrifices war and death found pure!
Hail the struggle upward of the toiler and the poor!

America, attended by New Hampshire, appears, acclaimed by all the people of the pageant in a hymn beginning

All hail! Imperial Spirit,
Whose love broods o'er the land,
And watches o'er the people
From ocean strand to strand!



MUSIC

America takes her place behind the altar. Spreading her arms as the priestess of the nation, she bids all the people of the generations kneel, and leads them in singing the last, the prayer stanza of "America." Then rising, the pageant marches out, in review, past America and the symbolic group, and wind their way in massy column far down the woodland road, singing as they go The Recessional Song of Meriden:

Sing the song with care-free heart,—
Sing the song with bitter soul,—
By the one way, where roads part,
Pressing onward to the goal!
Up the hill that Toil has crowned,
Down the pathway Peace has found,
Sing the joys and griefs of men!
Sing the Song of Meriden!

THE MUSIC OF THE PAGEANT

BY ARTHUR FARWELL

This article by Mr. Arthur Farwell, composer of the music for the Pageant of Meriden, is used by permission of the author and by courtesy of *Musical America*, in which magazine it appeared, July 12, 1913.

The two performances of the pageant of Meriden, N. H., took place under the happiest imaginable auspices on the afternoons of June 24 and 25, on the pageant grounds, which were a hillside overlooking the little town of Meriden, with its Academy, from a distance, about two-thirds of a mile away. The

event was the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of Kimball Union Academy, and the pageant was sub-titled, "Education in the New Country Life."

William Chauncy Langdon and myself have been studying the question of the pageant, with relation to music for some time, and this was our first opportunity to give concrete and untrammelled expression to our ideas upon the matter.

The town of Meriden consists chiefly of its Academy. It is situated on the hilltop, and lies about midway between Cornish and Lebanon, N. H., and is eight miles from its nearest railroad or trolley. This latter fact made its transportation of visitors a very difficult problem. In one direction lies Mt. Ascutney, some fifteen miles away, and in every other direction there are hills similar to the one on which Meriden is situated. By placing the pageant field upon a hillside in the opposite direction from the town, from that in which Ascutney lies it was possible to make the prospect from the grandstand include simultaneously the pageant ground in the immediate foreground, backed by clumps of low, white pines and firs. Meriden, on its hilltop, in the middle distance, and Mt. Ascutney far beyond. The grandstand was built to hold 2000 people and the orchestra stand was backed into the trees on the left of the pageant stage, with its reflecting back and top so arranged as to throw most of the sound to the audience, while also allowing it to be sufficiently well heard on the stage.

The greatest difficulty to meet in connection with the pageant ground, was that the stage continued to go down hill from the foot of the grandstand, instead of being level, or being upon an opposite slope facing the grandstand, as is more often the case. The ground did flatten out somewhat at a little distance from the grandstand, and in front of the trees. Mr. Langdon, however, made ingenious use of the hill in various

ways in working out the dramatic action. The chief eventual difficulty with the slope was with the dancing, which, however, under Madeline Randall's direction, was worked out very successfully and beautifully.

The pageant itself consisted of nine historical episodes, involving music only in an incidental historical way, and five scenes of a lyrical and symbolistic nature, enacted in pantomime with orchestral music throughout, and occasionally with chorus. All the music of these five scenes was composed by myself. The history of Meriden is the history of its Academy, which has passed through many vicissitudes, and has exerted a broad educational influence. Immensely successful about the war time, its fortunes fell off at a later period with the degeneration of New England farm life. With the regeneration of the latter, and under the strong leadership of Charles Alden Tracy, principal of the Academy, it has entered a new condition of prosperity. The pageant was due to the initiative of Mr. Tracy.

The problems set the composer by Mr. Langdon were of the most engaging sort. For example, the first of the musical scenes presents a horde of wild nature spirits, clad in skins, emerging from the trees in a wild dance, the orchestra, having first preluded with a few bars of the "Hymn of the Vision", which occurs at the conclusion of the scene. A group of Puritan pioneers, men, women and children, enter at the foot of the stage and try to make their way up the slope against these spirits, who represent the wild and severe nature aspect of New England, so difficult of conquest by the early settlers. The pioneers are several times driven back, but finally, led by Education, a virile youth in classic raiment, they prevail against the nature spirits, and win to the highest point of the stage, where they turn and behold the completed Academy, the vision of the

future, on the hilltop across the valley. The chorus bursts into the "Hymn of the Vision," at the close of which the pioneers make their exit processionally, while the nature spirits retire into the woods.

The chorus was composed in part of those upon the stage, and in part of a group of singers massed in front of the orchestra stand. At the entrance of the pioneers, an old Puritan hymn tune is introduced in the brass and bass of the orchestra, as a sort of *cantus firmus*, above which the wild dissonantal dance music continues, rising to a series of climaxes, as the nature spirits repulse the pioneers. After a momentary triumph of the former, the music presents the arduous toiling of the pioneers up the hillside, led by Education, in which the rhythm of the dance is still discernible, up to the outburst in the "Hymn of the Vision."

The second of the musical scenes involves even a more elaborate program. It represents a later period, in which the farmers and country folk have become prosperous, and have even won a little leisure. A large group enters merrily with various implements of trade, the blacksmith with his anvil and hammer, the ox-driver with his team, women with their spinning-wheels, and so on. The music is of a jubilant and festive nature. There now appears the figure of Idleness, in filmy draperies, dancing and luring men away from their work. At first, expressing disapproval, the onlookers at last become interested. Her dance concludes, and she induces the country folk themselves to dance, at first two or three, and later most of them. The dance degenerates into a riot when two men attempt to get the same girl for a partner.

In the midst of the broil the minister enters. He quells the riot and shows the people two large tomes. These are "The

Classics", that being the title of this interlude. The music, which has followed the dramatic sequence of the episode, rises in a great wave of sound as the minister reads from the first book. The present is brushed away. Julius Cæsar, Virgil, and Cicero enter through a vista and pass across the pageant stage to martial music. The minister then reads from the other book to a second wave of sound, and there appear the Hebrew prophets, Moses, David, and Isaiah, to the broad music of an old Jewish hymn. The processional exit of all on the stage is made to the music of the entrance, now dignified to a stately rhythm.

The best musical opportunity of all, as well as the most difficult, was the fourth musical scene, "The Birds". Meriden is the center of bird conservation in America; its bird club, led by the naturalist, Ernest Harold Baynes, having exerted a broad influence on bird preservation in America. This scene is opened by a teacher who musingly expresses his hopes for the future of art and culture, especially music, at the Academy. He finds the spot pleasant and sleeps. Music in violet draperies appears from the woods and invokes the birds. First, the wood pewee is heard, then the notes of the song sparrow.

Little children cleverly costumed as the particular birds in question flit in and out among the trees. In a moment of hush the exuberant note of the hermit thrush is heard. Finally, all the birds join in, the various notes blending symphonically in a riot of bird melody. The birds disperse, last of all the wood pewee, whose plaintive note dies away in the last bars of the music. The whole scheme of the bird music is supported upon an undercurrent of "dream chords" with which the music began as the teacher lay down on the grass to sleep. In this music I avoided like poison everything that could possibly savor of the "Waldweben" in "Siegfried".

The finale sums up all the generations of the preceding historical episodes, and concerns itself with an altar fire built by Education, to which the various mothers of the pageant episodes contribute sacrificial offerings for the education of the future generations. The music reviews the "Hymn of the Vision", accompanies the building of the fire (again sedulously avoiding Wagner), reviews Music and the Birds, passes through a section representing the passion of motherhood, and, with the assembling of all the generations of the pageant presents a series of choruses; the "Song of the Generations", the "Song of Acclaim to America", which is sung upon the entrance of America with the flag; "America" led by America, and the "Recessional Song of Meriden".

The character of Music was taken by Madeline Randall, whose work was particularly beautiful in this as well as in the various solo dances. The costumes by Marion Langdon were admirable. H. K. Lloyd, of Claremont, N. H., designed the excellent poster for the pageant.

The book represents high-water mark for Mr. Langdon, who is president of the American Pageant Association, and our foremost pageant writer and master.

The orchestra was Nevers', Blaisdell's and Stewartson's orchestra of Concord, N. H., with Edgar M. Quint, concert-master. While it numbered but seventeen players the acoustic arrangements were so successful that every note sounded clear and plain in every section of the grandstand, and no effect of the music had to be strained for. I had but two opportunities to rehearse the orchestra before the pageant, but it did splendidly with this mass of new music, a good deal of it of considerable difficulty.

The experiment at Meriden, with its successful outcome, convinces me more than ever that there is a tremendous field for the development of American music in this form. The problems presented are so fresh and new that the effect upon the composer is revivifying after experiences with the conventional concert life of our cities. Moreover, there is nothing to prevent the casting of the dramatic scenes in such form that the music written for them shall have permanent concert value, that is, if it is good music in the first place.

The weather was perfect on the days of the pageant, and the audience included a great number of automobile parties from all parts of New England, as well as the Old Home Week visitors to Meriden, and many of the visitors at the Dartmouth commencement exercises, fourteen miles away.

SONGS FROM THE PAGEANT

THE SONG OF THE VISION

(From the Introduction: The Vision of Education.)

Joy! Joy revealed! Behold the glory of far-off years!
Towering mountain, bear our wearied spirits to the skies!
See! See the vision! So at last in spite of fears
God shall crown the harvest hill! Let songs of joy arise!

Sing! Raise the hymn! Through joy and dauntless hope we
know!

Faith reveals far heights of life our eyes can never see!
Sing! O'er the fields of labor spreads the heavenly glow!
Vision born of hope and toil! Light of the days to be!

THE SONG OF ACCLAIM TO AMERICA

(This song and the two following are from The Finale: Education in the New Country Life)

All hail! Imperial Spirit,
Whose love broods o'er the land,
And watches o'er the peoples
From ocean strand to strand!
In peace—inspiring Teacher;
Protector—in the gale!
America triumphant!
All hail! All hail! All hail!

THE SONG OF THE GENERATIONS

Come from all the ages! Swell the joyous throng!
Start the echoes ringing with the burden of your song!
Greet the dawning future with paeons of the strong!

Hail the dauntless settler, mighty to endure!
Hail the sacrifices war and death found pure!
Hail the struggle upward of the toiler and the poor!

Long as hills reecho to hopeful heart and hand,
Long as grain shall ripen or towering mountain stand,
Shall the song of joy arise o'er all the toiling land!

THE RECESSIONAL SONG OF MERIDEN

Sing the song with care-free heart,—
Sing the song with bitter soul,—
By the one way, where roads part,
Pressing onward to the goal!
Up the hill that Toil has crowned,
Down the pathway Peace has found,
Sing the joys and griefs of men!
Sing the Song of Meriden!

Sing the song from youth to age!
Old Age, still its joys intone!
When in crowds our strength we gauge,
When we fight our way alone,—
By the cradle, by the grave,
On the mountain, on the wave,
Sing the joys and griefs of men!
Sing the Song of Meriden!

THE CLASS REUNIONS

The days of centennial week were so completely filled with memorable gatherings and impressive ceremonies, that it is difficult, if not impossible, to pass a clear judgment upon the comparative significance of any single event of the celebration. Yet, I am sure that the Alumni, who were in Meriden on Tuesday evening, are now regarding with particular delight the little gatherings which then took place.

To be sure, the whole week was one grand reunion. The voice of greeting was heard everywhere all of those days, and the houses of Meriden were ringing with laughter over the telling of old-time tales. But on this particular evening, an hour had been set apart especially for the gathering of those, who, in by-gone days, used to work together at the old Academy, who lived their lives there united by that eternal bond of fellowship, class loyalty.

It was too warm to think of indoor meetings. And so, on verandas, on private grounds, and at different places on the church lawn, under the starry heavens, on the old hilltop, so dear to them all, the little groups gathered, and for an hour or more lived over again the good old days.

Class lines were not very firmly drawn, for in several cases, where only a few of the members of a class were present, groups were formed, composed of representatives of two or three classes, who were in school at nearly the same time. The writer was present in one such group, and feels that it may be assumed that the spirit shown there was fairly typical of that which prevailed in all. Acquaintances were renewed at the point where graduation day had temporarily severed them.

There was the usual amount of talk about old times, but there was also a very deep and sincere expression of hope and confidence in the future of the grand old institution, within whose doors these precious friendships had been formed.

Gradually the circles broke up into smaller groups, representing the closer friendships of student days. But the hour was very late when these friends separated for the night. The spot had irresistible charms, old ties were very strong.

Although there may have been at the time little conscious thought of the significance of the occasion, I believe that Alumni in general will now agree that, regardless of Boston meetings, in spite of triennial gatherings at Meriden, there never can be within our time, other class reunions so rich in precious memories as those we held on the old hill when Kimball Union was a hundred years old.

THE OLD HOME DAY EXERCISES

Old Home Day was observed on June 25th, and was fittingly celebrated on the common in front of the stone church. Plainfield is one of the few towns of the state that has held fifteen consecutive Old Home Week celebrations, or every year since it was instituted by Governor Frank W. Rollins in 1899. That the program of 1913 was enjoyed was evidenced by the fact that one lady, who had attended nearly all the Old Home Week celebrations in Plainfield said that never before had she heard such an interesting program by so many noted speakers.

In the absence of the president of the Old Home Week Association, J. Daniel Porter was asked to preside, and after extending a hearty greeting to all visitors, introduced the speakers who took as their general theme "Education in the New Country Life".

Hon. Henry C. Morrison, State Superintendent of Education, spoke on the part the school plays in community life.

Mr. William Chauncy Langdon, Master of the Pageant, told of the History of Pageants in America and the benefit to be expected from them.

Dr. R. J. Sprague, of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, spoke on the decadence of rural New England population and the problem of immigration.

Mr. Percy MacKaye, a noted author, who spends his summers in Plainfield, read an original poem, "School", written for the occasion.

Hon. Edwin G. Eastman '69, Ex-Attorney General of New Hampshire for twenty years, told in an interesting way of his



OLD HOME DAY

experience as a farmer, and gave as the prime requisite for success "hard work well directed".

Dr. Charles H. Richards '54, gave interesting reminiscences of his youth in Meriden.

Music was furnished by Williams' Orchestra of Windsor, Vt.

MR. MACKAYE'S POEM

The poem "School" was read by the author, Mr. Percy MacKaye, at the Old Home Day Exercises on the Academy Campus, Wednesday morning, June 25. It is printed here entire by permission of Mr. MacKaye, owner of the copyright, and by courtesy of "The Forum", in which magazine it appeared, (October, 1913).

This poem was selected by Mr. William Stanley Braithwaite of "The Boston Transcript" as one of the forty poems worthy of "special distinction" in his "Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1913."

*Speaking of Mr. MacKaye's work, "The New York Independent" said, editorially (November 8, 1913), as follows: "Mr. MacKaye has read several poems at public commemorations, and his felicity on such occasions bids fair to make him the unofficial laureate of our intellectual life. * * * * It is not too much to say that his faith in the democratic audience and his uncompromising pursuit of high ideals have been inspiration of thousands of lovers of art in the United States".*

SCHOOL

Old Hezekiah leaned hard on his hoe
And squinted long at Eben, his lank son.
The silence shrilled with crickets. Day was done,
And, row on dusky row,
Tall bean poles ribbed with dark the gold-bright afterglow.
Eben stood staring: ever, one by one,
The tendril tops turned ashen as they flared.

Still Eben stared.

O, there is wonder on New Hampshire hills,
Hoeing the warm, bright furrows of brown earth,
And there is grandeur in the stone wall's birth,
And in the sweat that spills
From rugged toil its sweetness; yet for wild young wills
There is no dew of wonder, but stark dearth,
In one old man who hoes his long bean rows,
And only hoes.

Old Hezekiah turned slow on his heel.
He touched his son. Thro' all the carking day
There are so many littlish cares to weigh
Large natures down, and steel
The heart of understanding. "Son, how is't ye feel?
What are ye starin' on—a gal?" A ray
Flushed Eben from the fading afterglow:
He dropped his hoe.

He dropped his hoe, but sudden stooped again
And raised it where it fell. Nothing he spoke,
But bent his knee and—crack! the handle broke,
Splintering. With glare of pain,
He flung the pieces down, and stamped upon them; then—
Like one who leaps out naked from his cloak—
Ran. "Here, come back! Where are ye bound—you fool?"
He cried—"To school!"

II

Now on the mountain morning laughed with light—
With light and all the future in her face,
For there she looked on many a far-off place
And wild adventurous sight,

For which the mad young autumn wind hallooed with might
And dared the roaring mill-brook to the race,
Where blue-jays screamed beyond the pine-dark pool—
 “To school!—To school!”

Blackcoated, Eben took the barefoot trail,
Holding with wary hand his Sunday boots;
Harsh catbirds mocked his whistling with their hoots;
Under his swallowtail
Against his hip-strap bumping, clinked his dinner pail;
Frost maples flamed, lone thrushes touched their lutes;
Gray squirrels bobbed, with tails stiff curved to backs,
 To eye his tracks.

Soon at the lonely crossroads he passed by
The little one-room schoolhouse. He peered in.
There stood the bench where he had often been
Admonished flagrantly
To drone his numbers: now to this he said good-bye
For mightier lure of more romantic scene:
Good-bye to childish rule and homely chore
 Forevermore!

All day he hastened like the flying cloud
Breathless above him, big with dreams, yet dumb.
With tightened jaw he chewed the tart spruce gum,
And muttered half aloud
Huge oracles. At last, where thro' the pine-tops bowed
The sun, it rose!—His heart beat like a drum.
There, there it rose—his tower of prophecy:
 The Academy!

III

They learn to live who learn to contemplate,
For contemplation is the unconfined
God who creates us. To the growing mind
Freedom to think is fate,
And all that age and after-knowledge augurate
Lies in a little dream of youth enshrined:
That dream to nourish with the skillful rule
Of love—is school.

Eben, in mystic tumult of his teens,
Stood bursting—like a ripe seed—into soul.
All his life long he had watched the great hills roll
Their shadows, tints and sheens
By sun- and moonrise; yet the bane of hoeing beans,
And round of joyless chores, his father's toll,
Blotted their beauty; nature was as naught:
He had never *thought*.

But now he climbed his boyhood's castle tower
And knocked. Ah, well then for his after-fate
That one of nature's masters opened the gate,
Where like an April shower
Live influence quickened all his earth-blind seed to power.
Strangely his sense of truth grew passionate,
And like a young bull, led in yoke to drink,
He bowed to think.

There also bowed with him to quaff—
The snorting herd! And many a wholesome grip
He had of rivalry and fellowship.
Often the game was rough,

But Eben tossed his horns and never balked the cuff;
For still through play and task his Dream would slip—
A radiant Herdsman, guiding destiny
 To his degree.

IV

Once more old Hezekiah stayed his hoe
To squint at Eben. Silent, Eben scanned
A little roll of sheepskin in his hand,
While, row on dusky row,
Tall bean poles ribbed with dark the gold-pale afterglow.
The boy looked up: here was another land!
Mountain and farm with mystic beauty flared
 Where Eben stared.

Stooping, he lifted with a furtive smile
Two splintered sticks and spliced them. Nevermore
His spirit would go beastwise to his chore
Blinded, for even while
He stooped to the old task, sudden in the sunset's pile
His radiant Herdsman swung a fiery door,
Thro' which came forth with far-borne trumpetings
 Poets and kings,

His fellow conquerors: there Virgil dreamed,
There Cæsar fought and won the barbarous tribes,
There Darwin, pensive, bore the ignorant gibes,
And One with thorns redeemed
From malice the wild hearts of men: there surged and streamed
With chemic fire the forges of old scribes
Testing anew the crucibles of toil
 To save God's soil.

So Eben turned again to hoe his beans,
But now, to ballads which his Herdsman sung,
Henceforth he hoed the dream in with the dung,
And for his ancient spleens
Planting new joys, imagination found him means.
At last old Hezekiah loosed his tongue:
“Well, boy, this school—what has it learned ye to know?”
He said: “To hoe.”

AS A MEMORIAL OF

FRANCIS CHAMBERLAIN HALL

SEPT. 23. 1878 — OCT. 1. 1912

FAITHFUL, SINCERE AND HONEST,
A SOLDIER IN THE SPANISH WAR,

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE 1902,

PROPRIETOR OF A CATTLE RANCH IN TEXAS,
THIS FARM, BOUGHT WITH HIS EARNINGS,

IS GIVEN TO

KIMBALL UNION ACADEMY 1913

MEMORIAL TABLET ON THE HALL FARM

THE CENTENNIAL GIFTS

The One Hundredth milestone has been passed. The celebration of the Centennial of the Academy, to which we looked forward for so many years with such pleasant anticipations, exists now only in memory. The many months of planning, the searching of records, the gathering of materials for the Pageant, the selection of speakers and securing their promise to speak, the attempt to harmonize and unify all the various interests, the hurry of rehearsal and preparation as the lines began to converge more narrowly on those days in June, the coming of the crowds such as Meriden had never seen before, the dust and the heat, those splendid addresses, the happy reunion of classmates and friends, the bringing to life in imagination and in pageantry of the experiences of the community and Academy for a century,—all these pass before our mind's eye like the changing shapes formed by a rapidly revolving kaleidoscope. And now I am asked to state in a very few words the real significance of it all to the Academy and the community in which she is placed, and also to speak of the gifts that seem to center about this anniversary.

First of all I want to say that we have our regrets, that there are things that now we would fain forget. Why was it that the water would not run at the Dexter Richards Hall when it ran the week before and the week after? Why was it that the sun beat down so mercilessly on Tuesday when on previous days it had been so comfortable on the grandstand? Ah, well, *forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit!* Or we may comfort ourselves by saying that to such things applies the law of the third and fourth generation and think of all the good things

that shall be remembered for a thousand generations. And yet again, why was it that business men who had come to us so highly recommended, failed so signally? Was it not to emphasize the difference between service rendered for money and the service others were rendering merely because they loved to serve their *Alma Mater*, or the cause of education? Was not that one thing that Christ taught when He fed four thousand.

In the second place permit me to speak of the gifts that have come to the school so recently that they may be grouped together and spoken of as Centennial gifts. They may well be spoken of in this way, because they express in a certain way the increased and increasing sense of loyalty and unity that found expression in so many definite ways during the days of celebration. The closing years of the century have been marked by several gifts to the Academy of great intrinsic value and of even greater import as we contemplate their opportunity for usefulness in the century to come.

We should include that splendid legacy from John F. Kilton, the Boston lawyer, intimate friend of Caleb Blodgett of the class of 1852, who first interested Mr. Kilton in the school, a gift which included his library of some two thousand well-selected volumes and over forty-seven thousand dollars, the income of which is to be used to aid worthy boys and girls in gaining an education at Meriden.

Bryant Hall, the gift before his death of John D. Bryant, Esq., of Boston, is proving a most valuable asset to the school as it takes on new life and vigor. Mr. Bryant was the son of John Bryant, who built and for many years conducted business in what many generations of students have known as "The Block". He has long been counted among the warmest friends of the Academy and the community, and as one of their greatest benefactors. By his will, Mr. Bryant leaves to the Academy

a tract of land in the village of Meriden, including the small pond, known as "Bryant's Pond", with a fund of five thousand dollars, the income of which is to be used to care for the property. He also establishes a fund of fifteen thousand dollars, the income of which is to be used in the care of Bryant Hall and whenever there is a surplus, for the care of other buildings.

We rejoice in that pledge of enduring loyalty, the establishment of the "Duncan Kimball Union Academy Salary Fund" of six thousand dollars, the gift of members of the Duncan family. As was pointed out by some speaker in June, the Duncan family has maintained vital connection with the life of the Academy during nearly seventy years of its history through Samuel B. Duncan and John T. Duncan, a connection which is now being maintained by the recent election to the Board of Trustees of Harry L. Duncan, Esq., of New York City.

The list of donors to the "Centennial fund" includes the names of over two hundred friends and alumni, who have given amounts ranging from one dollar to five hundred dollars, each attesting the love and loyalty of the giver.

The two gifts which add to our material equipment, the farm and the gymnasium, will prove of very great and far-reaching importance in the life of the Academy. The gymnasium is the gift of Henry Mann Silver, M.D., of the class of 1867, a memorial to his brother, Charles Lewis Silver, of the class of 1865, and will be known as the Charles Lewis Silver Memorial Gymnasium. At the time this is being written, the building is rapidly nearing completion. It is constructed of brick, about eighty feet long and forty-five feet wide, has ample basement room for coal, boilers, locker rooms, and bowling alley, is steam heated and is lighted by electricity. The floor will be used not only for gymnasium purposes, but with its large, open fireplace, gallery, and stage, will serve admira-

bly for lectures, theatricals, and social gatherings. Dr. Silver in providing the building and its entire equipment is performing a great and definite service for the Academy for which many generations of students will have reason to thank him.

The farm is the gift of Alfred S. Hall, Esq., of the class of 1869, since 1898 an honored member of the Board of Trustees, warm friend of disinterested service everywhere and a friend to whom the Academy is indebted for many good things. The farm is given as a memorial to his son as is most fittingly set forth on a bronze tablet placed on a boulder on the hill just back of the Pageant grounds, a cut of which accompanies this article. The farm we intend shall perform a three-fold purpose: In the first place, it is to serve as a laboratory for those courses in elementary agriculture and science, which the Academy is instituting primarily for the benefit of the community and its children. Secondly, it is to provide work for those boys who must aid themselves during the years of their secondary education. And finally, it will give the Academy a place to raise its own milk, eggs, vegetables, etc., for its boarding department. In this three-fold purpose may be found the more or less complete cycle, in which the boy is trained to do a definite task well, trained to so plant and cultivate and harvest, that the harvest may be so great that he may have the opportunity to obtain an even better training or education, or give such to his children. But with this definite thought in mind, as far as the Academy can instill it, that it is not the calling that makes the man, but the essential manhood of the man that ennobles and dignifies any honest work. As the farm and its management is developed along these lines it can be made a very vital factor in the life of an ever-widening community.

And now as to the underlying significance of the celebration. What aside from material wealth was added to the heri-

tage of the second century of the Academy? I answer without hesitation that results were accomplished, far reaching in their scope, the import of which no man can measure. They may perhaps be summed up in one phrase—the feeling of mutual respect and therefore of mutual responsibility, or, perhaps better, unity and responsibility.

This union of forces, this forgetfulness of self for the general good, was what made possible the production of the Pageant and general celebration. It possessed the student body. A boy was asked to paint some road signs for the Pageant during the last few days, when we were all working almost without cessation. I retired at two o'clock and he was still hard at work. I began again at four o'clock and he was still at his task. It was the spirit of the community. Farmers left their fields that they might help. One man hired an extra helper at two dollars per day for many days that he might give his time to helping on the Pageant, and in doing so quite unconsciously caused to live again the spirit of Daniel Kimball, whose part he took in the Pageant. It was, too, the spirit of the whole body of the alumni. It found expression in the good fellowship of the week, the renewal of the pleasant ties of student days, the discovery that old wounds no longer existed, in the sense of pride in the past and ambition for the future, in the welcome that the very hills of beautiful Meriden seemed to extend to the children returning to their *Alma Mater*.

What man of us could behold the unfolding of the experiences and the work of a century as pictured in the Pageant and not find in his heart a feeling of gratitude that he was a part of that great progress, as the generations marched before him singing the "Song of the Generation"—

“Come from all the ages! Swell the joyous throng!
Start the echoes ringing with the burden of your song!
Greet the dawning future with pæons of the strong!

“Hail the dauntless settler, mighty to endure!
Hail the sacrifices war and death found pure!
Hail the struggle upward of the toiler and the poor!

“Long as hills re-echo to hopeful heart and hand,
Long as grain shall ripen or towering mountain stand,
Shall the song of joy arise o’er all the toiling land!”

What man of us could listen to that splendid address by Dr. Richards, reproduced in this volume, and not exclaim—“I was—I am a part of that noble institution!”

Then just emerging, and not yet fully recognized, comes the sense of responsibility, resulting from and underlying that splendid sense of unity of which the Centennial was so significant. The Academy certainly feels a deeper feeling of responsibility for the welfare of the community, and I feel equally sure that the community desires to show itself helpful in the work of the Academy and to promote her interests. The responsibility resting upon us, her children, to work along those lines of truth and honor for which she has stood during all these hundred years so consistently, is made all the more real and vital by the vision we have had of the greatness of our *Alma Mater*, the magnitude of the work her children have accomplished, and the opportunity for a greater work in the days yet to be.

Because of the Centennial and because of the Pageant, the children of Kimball Union have learned that they are all working together for a great cause, and that for its accomplishment

a certain duty and responsibility rests on each one for the welfare and fair name of the "school on the hill".

Thus Kimball Union Academy is facing the rising, not the setting sun. The light, that some have thought an afterglow, is the light of the coming day, in which the Academy, with arms strengthened and faith quickened, shall go forth to do still a noble work for men and for God.

CHARLES ALDEN TRACY

LIST OF ALUMNI PRESENT AT THE CENTENNIAL

1840—Miss Mary R. D. Frost.

1849—Robert K. Dow (non-grad.).

1851—Henry M. Kimball.

1852—Mrs. Sarah Bragg Littlefield, Mrs. Hattie Ladd Roberts,
Dr. William W. Waterman.

1853—Mrs. Mary Cutler Wood, Mrs. Lucy Wellman Wyman
(non-grad.)

1854—Mrs. Emily Leavitt Huggins, Rev. Charles H. Rich-
ards, D.D.

1855—Mrs. Kate Sawyer Kimball.

1856—Rev. Charles C. Carpenter, D.D., William H. Child, Mrs.
Lucy Hardy Cummings, George O. Little, Mrs. Anna
French Tenney.

1858—Mrs. Emily Barrows Cook, Mrs. Abbie Vining Duncan,
William E. Johnson, William H. Sisson (non-grad.).

1859—Mrs. Louisa Parker Frary, Charles P. Hall, Dr. Alfred
O. Hitchcock, Mrs. Marion Powers Palmer, Mrs. Caro-
line Powers Wellman, Mrs. Abbie Richards Woodbury.

1861—Alvah B. Chellis, Mrs. Marion Westgate Eastman, Capt.
Horace French, Miss Mary Sleeper.

1862—Edwin Flanders, Mrs. Tamson Barrows Monroe, Mrs.
Caroline Gleason Rossiter, George P. Rossiter.

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- 1863—Nathan Cushing, Lucien B. Downing, Rev. Charles H. Merrill, William F. Thayer (non-grad.).
- 1864—Herbert E. Adams, Mrs. Louise Barron Rawson.
- 1865—Prof. George J. Cummings, Miss Mary L. Chellis, Sidney H. Hardy, J. Edward Hall, Mrs. Lizzie Stone Stickney.
- 1866—Mrs. Hattie Rossiter Chellis (non-grad.), Mrs. Emma Davis Willis.
- 1867—Prof. Samuel W. Cole, Miss Mary E. Duncan, Dr. Henry M. Silver, George H. Woodbury, Mrs. Hattie Strobridge Wyman (non-grad.).
- 1868—Henry P. McClay, John F. Tilton, Frederick H. Wales.
- 1869—E. Wellman Barnard, Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D., Edwin G. Eastman, Esq., Willis A. Farnsworth, George P. Hadley, Alfred S. Hall, Esq., Miss Alice P. Goodwin, Dr. Leonard F. Jarvis, Mrs. Katherine Duncan Paine, Mrs. Sarah Barton Woodbury (non-grad.).
- 1870—Miss Etta E. Booth, Mrs. Ella Davis Richardson, Dr. William R. White.
- 1871—Carl A. Allen, Fred W. Blanchard, Mrs. Florence Hall Davis, Mrs. Katherine Rossiter Smith (non-grad.).
- 1872—Mrs. Emma Murry Blanchard, Mrs. Martha Day Hardy, Milton A. Hicks (non-grad.), Samuel Merrill (non-grad.), Mrs. Margaret Choate Nash, Mrs. Vienna Dodge Pearson.
- 1873—Herbert Deming (non-grad.), F. DeForest Baker (non-grad.).

- 1874—Andrew B. Baker (non-grad.), Rev. Tilton C. H. Bouton, Alfred P. Sawyer, Esq.
- 1875—Mrs. Helen Clough Barton, Mrs. Melliecent M. Miller, Mrs. Ida Haywood Slate.
- 1876—Mrs. Ella Welmarth Barton, Maj. E. H. Catlin, U. S. A., Mrs. Emma Marsh Chase, Miss Martha M. Chellis, Miss Mary A. Freeman, Mrs. Louise Chase Heritage, Mrs. Sarah Howe Noyes.
- 1877—Myron W. Adams, Mrs. Nellie Frost Andrews.
- 1878—Charles M. Catlin, Miss Carrie L. Lowe, Fred B. Richardson, Prof. George Winch.
- 1879—Miss Abbie S. Chellis, Miss Flora A. Cole (non-grad.), William R. Conant, Mrs. Belle Chellis Doremus, John McCrillis, Isaac C. Stone, Rev. William Slade, Mrs. Nellie Everest Walrath.
- 1880—Mrs. Lucy Baldwin Catlin, Frank O. Chellis, Fayette F. Downing, Mrs. Clara Daniels Gardner.
- 1881—Mrs. Julia Whitaker Burr, Mrs. Carrie Brown Coolidge, Mrs. Hattie Hill Elliott, Miss Martha E. Hurlbutt, Miss Mary E. Richardson, Herbert E. Ward, Mrs. Carrie Deming Whitmore, Rev. John E. Wildey.
- 1882—Mrs. Effie Rawson Hubbard, Mrs. Ella Palmer Hurlbutt, Leander N. Sawyer, Mrs. Flora Brown Smith, Mrs. Alice Colby Wildey.
- 1883—Dr. Abram W. Mitchell.
- 1884—Mrs. Minnie Bean Cann (non-grad.), Miss Flora C. Clough, Edgar W. Davis, Mrs. Lizzie Chadbourne Harlow, Rev. Truman O. Harlow, Alpheus A. Hurlbutt, Mrs. Mary Hurlbutt Tallant, George G. Waite.

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- 1885—Edmund B. Hunt, Mrs. Maude Soule Hunt, Mrs. Maim Chandler Hoffman, Miss Chloe S. Miller, Miss Emily N. Tracy, Miss Nettie G. Williams.
- 1886—Robert A. Austin (non-grad.), Ira W. Haywood (non-grad.).
- 1887—Mrs. Ada Wellman Morgan, Henry C. Cushing, Charles S. Lear (non-grad.), Mrs. May Cushing Shatswell, Frank B. Tracy (non-grad.), Elmer E. Wheeler (non-grad.).
- 1888—George D. Austin, Hon. Jesse M. Barton, Rev. Jason G. Miller, Miss Dora T. Penniman, Mrs. Rose Miller Von-Tobel, Earl Westgate (non-grad.).
- 1889—Frank J. Chadbourne, Miss Lydia S. Penniman.
- 1890—Rufus B. Barton, Dr. Fred P. Clagett, Robert R. Penniman.
- 1892—Mrs. Jesse Sanborn Cutts (non-grad.), Mrs. Gertrude Veasey Miller, Henry S. Richardson, Esq., Mrs. Della Davis Sawyer, Mrs. Elouise Barden Wheeler.
- 1893—Miss Bertha E. Bardin, Miss Blanche A. Bardin (non-grad.), John F. Cann (non-grad.), Miss Frances E. Daley, Rev. Maurice J. Duncklee, Mrs. Esther Sanborn Mason (non-grad.), Mrs. Ida Child Sibley, Miss Caroline S. Thompson, Miss Mabel J. Thompson, Prin. Charles Alden Tracy, Rev. Albert P. Watson.
- 1894—Mrs. Ellen Tracy Bailey (non-grad.), Harold W. Chellis, Irving J. French, Mrs. Daisy Jacobs Fuller, Mrs. Winnifred Lane Goss, L. Chandler Mason (non-grad.), Mrs. Annie Currier Moody, Mrs. Carrie Fenn Nutting, Thomas Penniman (non-grad.), Mrs. Valina Darling Richardson, Mrs. Ethel Carley Smith.

- 1895—Charles E. Adams, Charles E. Bittinger, Mrs. Blanche Coburn Bogardus, Mrs. Lota Clancy Curtis, Miss Marinda P. Davis, Miss Carrie F. Davis (non-grad.), Charles T. Ford, Arthur B. Kelley, Adna David Storrs.
- 1896—Mrs. Blanche Morse Barton, Arthur P. Fairfield, Everett W. Goodhue, Frank M. Howe, Mrs. Laura Dell Ranney, Edward P. Storrs, Jr., Miss Mary D. Wyman (non-grad.).
- 1897—Miss Sara Corning, Mrs. Leona Barney Trombley (non-grad.), Miss Nellie L. Wyman.
- 1898—Mrs. Nellie P. Blanchard, J. Frank Drake, Mrs. Amelia Griffith Fairfield, Miss Charlotte M. Judd, Dr. Homer Z. Leach, Miss Bertha M. Markham, Carl A. Parker, Mrs. Lucy Fuller Richardson.
- 1899—Mrs. Mary Westgate Chellis, Mrs. Miriam Monroe Duffill, Mrs. Blanche Hough Haase, Mrs. Allice Collins Huntington, Mrs. Florence McKee Moore (non-grad.), Silas C. Newell, Rev. Elbridge C. Torrey, Mrs. Etta Hoisington Weaver.
- 1900—Mrs. Laura Morgan Coleman, Miss Blanche L. Daniels, Miss Fannie F. Davis, George H. Hersam, Esq., Albert M. Morton, Mrs. Eva Foulk Pfeiffer, Rollin H. Ranney, Miss Jennie Swackhamer, Mrs. Anna Coutant Torrey, Chester B. Turner.
- 1901—Miss Julia V. Cummings, J. Ralph Pierce, Harry B. Preston, John R. Prince, Marion C. Purington, Miss Alice P. Thompson, Miss M. Blanche Townsend.

- 1902—Joseph Boardman, Jr., Converse A. Chellis, Jason O. Cook, Miss Lucy L. Eastman, Rev. Edwin R. Gordon, Mrs. Bernice Barton Mark, Robert Olds (non-grad.), Miss Lora M. Pillsbury (non-grad), Miss Mary E. Scales, Miss Ethel R. Tucker, Mrs. Bessie Downing Ward, William Colby Wildey.
- 1903—Mrs. Mabel Ruggles Cobb, Willard H. Cummings, Miss Bernice E. Jordan, Miss Mary E. Jordon, Miss Annie M. Langill, Mrs. Martha Morgan Parker (non-grad), Miss Laura E. Prince, Chauncey W. Smith, Dr. Harry C. Storrs, Mrs. Julia Colby Storrs, Miss Bessie S. Westgate.
- 1904—Miss Lucretia L. Burbank, Miss Mary F. Cox, Mrs. Susie Freeman Jenney, Walter E. Goodnow, Charles E. Pierce, S. Lee Ruggles.
- 1905—Henry I. Burbank (non-grad.), G. Verne Clafin (non-grad.), Miss Madge M. Daniels, Clyde H. Deming, Claude H. Deming, Mrs. Ethel Page Duncklee, Miss Susan G. Stearns, Harold F. Tucker (non-grad.), Herbert E. Warren, Mrs. Annie Brown Wilcox.
- 1906—Charles A. Bacon, Jr., Emily Holton Bacon (non-grad.), Mrs. Emma A. Bailly, Mrs. Lizzie Whitaker Baptista, Leroy H. Harlow, William H. Jenney, Mrs. Bernice Fitch Livingstone, Hubert S. Pierce, Leon F. Miller, Miss Marion J. Stowe (non-grad.).
- 1907—Arthur N. Ball (non-grad.), James H. English, Percy M. Goodell (non-grad.), Edward B. Judd, Miss Ruth Lewin, J. Daniel Porter, Stanley M. Rockwood, Walter E. Smith (non-grad).

- 1908—Earle E. Benjamin, Miss Mabel K. Downing, Miss Caroline Griffin, Mrs. Marion Hathaway Porter.
- 1909—Miss Inez A. Clark, Harold A. Fitch, Mrs. Harriot Curn Hopkins, Miss May E. Jenney, Ray F. Jenney, Miss Marion H. Lewis, Miss Roxie L. Page, Miss Florence Raymond, Deane F. Ruggles, William B. True, Fred N. Smith (non-grad.), Mathew H. Watson, Henry B. Weymouth.
- 1910—William D. Burr, Miss Marion S. Cole, Miss Charlotte A. T. Davies, Dorothy L. Cuthbert, James L. Cuthbert, James B. Hawley, Miss A. Rena Howard, George E. Hunt, Miss Mildred L. Hunt, Miss Charlotte F. B. Newton, Kenneth T. Penniman, Mrs. Lena Rogers Reed, Miss Lucy F. Ruggles, Leonard Watson, Mrs. Carrie Rogers Westgate.
- 1911—Miss Carrie C. Burr, Miss Phebe M. Cook, Miss Ada M. Hill, Miss Mildred B. Kimball, Julius S. Mason, Ralph C. Mayo, Miss E. Kathleen Parmlee, Fred H. Perham, Edward M. Porter (non-grad.), Herbert J. Rennie, Miss Una A. Rice, Robert A. Wilder.
- 1912—Miss Ruth E. Aiken, Miss Ethel R. Barton, Miss Winnie M. Blake, Jesse B. Deming (non-grad.), Frank W. Fitch, Miss Roxie A. Guillow, Leigh W. Hunt (non-grad.), Miss Evalyn K. Lufkin, Miss Isabella L. Lufkin, Miss Kathleen A. MacLennan (non-grad.), Carl P. Merryman, Harold L. Ruggles, Miss Harriet A. Rogers, Miss Maud B. Wheeler, Elwin W. Witherill.

NEWSPAPER ACCOUNTS OF THE CENTENNIAL

MERIDEN HOLDS BIG PAGEANT

CELEBRATES THE 100TH ANNIVERSARY OF FOUNDING OF KIMBALL UNION ACADEMY. ATTENDED BY PEOPLE FROM OVER THE STATE

(From *The Manchester Union* of June 25, 1913.)

The Pageant of Meriden, which tells in dramatic form the anniversary of the town and Academy which is today celebrating its 100th anniversary, was given this afternoon, and attended by a large number of people from all parts of the country. Upon a hillside, in a beautiful grove of white pines, located on a large farm, a recent gift to the Academy by Alfred S. Hall of Boston, the affair was held. Educators, writers, artists, and students took an active part, and the Old Home Week association of the town of Plainfield also co-operated in making the affair a success.

The summer capital at Cornish is only a short distance away, and many of the prominent artists, writers, and sculptors, who pass the summer in this vicinity assisted in the event. A poem was written by Percy MacKaye of New York, who has a beautiful summer home near here, and Ernest Harold Baynes, another prominent resident, took an active part in the interlude of the birds.

The pageant which emphasized particularly the function of a secondary school in the new country life, contained ten episodes and five interludes. Its final scene showed the Academy

and town of 1920, when the various lines of activity now being set on foot are firmly established, and suggested the boys from its agricultural and manual courses as successful farmers and its girls as efficient home makers. The episodes followed the united fortunes of town and school down the one hundred years through prosperity and vicissitudes to the finale, which was a dramatized realization of the mission that the town and Academy hold before them.

In the introduction, "The Vision of Education", Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Cutts, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Mason, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Stearns, portrayed the part of the pioneers. In the first episode, "The Settling of Meriden", Mr. and Mrs. Harold Chellis took the part of the first settlers, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Kimball, who came to Meriden in 1769, and brought with them their son, Daniel Kimball (Master Raymond E. Claflin). It was he who gave the nucleus of the principal fund of the school and determined the location and the final name of the institution.

Others taking principal parts in the affair were: John F. Cann, P. C. Jordan, Clarence Bean, Robert Penniman, Mrs. N. R. Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Curtis, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Chellis, J. Daniel Porter, Edwin Porter, Daniel C. Westgate, O. A. Milner, Marion Westgate, Harriet Rogers, Mrs. Amelia Bean, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Peterson, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Barton, Mrs. E. H. Chellis, Walter Walker, Alpheus Hurlbutt, Winter Eastman, C. H. Sears, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Howe, Miss Mary Freeman, Mrs. Lucy Eastman, Mrs. Frank French, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Tracy, and William Slade.

THE PAGEANT OF MERIDEN

(The following article, written by W. R. Nelson, was printed in the Newport, N. H., *Champion*, and reprinted in the Meriden *Weekly Enterprise* of July 24, 1913.)

By roads bordered with the gold of buttercups and bounded only by the seas, came hosts of returning pilgrims. The grandstand, seating 2,000, was built at the top of a hill facing a little opening in the pines, and beyond the pines, Meriden hill and the blue bulk of Mt. Ascutney. Out of the little pines on either side came whirling sprites and elves, came Puritan men and women, came settlers with their indomitable women-folk, and trappers, and men of God with reverent voice and manner; while through it all ran specially composed and orchestrated music.

How our hearts went out to the boy, Daniel, and his mother; to the iron-willed men, who out of acrimonious debate, at length achieved the founding of a church, though only after much prayer and the singing of a quaint old hymn.

How suggestive the scene of activity; the ringing anvil, the echoing axe, the ox-team and the plowman, the women weaving and spinning, upon which fanciful Idleness intruded, and which by subtle ways she changed, until all were idle, all but the parson, who by admonition and the Word, repulsed the intruder!

And then the coming of the beautiful new flag that was to be presented to academy boys who fought for union and freedom! How can the appeal and pathos of that scene be described? Snatches of war-time music, the soldier striding away up the hill, the young mother, sorrowing, and yet lifted up by the greatness of her sacrifice, waiting, waiting!

Very real then became the struggle, very high surged our desires to commit our best to the nation's need. Again she appeared in the beautiful closing scene, where the boy Daniel and

his mother fed the altar fire that education kindled. One by one, our forefathers entered the glade, each feeding the fire, and with them the bereaved young mother, still sorrowing and waiting. Yet joy comes, for her soldier hurries down the hill at last and clasps her in his arms. The beautiful flag comes, too. Rise, grand-stand, rise to a man and cheer! Is your patriotism so dead a thing, or are your throats husky with choking tears?

The end of the pageant could not be, of course, without a sight of boys and girls. Indeed, a whole coachful of young ladies alighted from the rocking old stage coach that came, along with so many other wonders, from out the pines. Little wonder that the boy students were in such a hurry to carry baggage for those delightful girls.

Meriden, the wilderness, we saw, and Meriden at the height of its academic prosperity. We witnessed, too, its wane along with farm prosperity. Then, beautiful interlude, Meriden, the bird village, was placed before our eyes. While the orchestra played softly, with trills and silvery calls, Music came listening, and little children dressed as birds, blue-birds, yellow-birds, and robins, and the whole feathery tribe, scudded back and forth among the trees. Finally, Mr. Baynes appeared in khaki and a tam-o-shanter, bearing a model bird-restaurant, of which there are already a few about the village.

The "Return to the Soil", largely prophetic, seems yet of sure fulfillment. Plainfield's Old Home Day, Wednesday forenoon, gave remarkable support to the spirit of the pageant. No one who heard the inspiring addresses there given could fail to be enthused and stirred with the importance of our New Hampshire farm life. The keynote was, better men and women, better farms, a better nation; Anglo-Saxons on the soil can hold the land for all time.

Delightful, harmonic, entrancing, all this the pageant was. Complete, it will be remembered with joy and a strengthening of purpose.

THE MERIDEN PAGEANT

(From *The Congregationalist and Christian World*, of July 17, 1913.)

The Pageant of Meriden, which was the masterpiece of the centennial anniversary of Kimball Union Academy, had an ideal place for its performance on the highest point of the large farm lately given by an old graduate, Mr. Alfred S. Hall of Boston, as an agricultural annex to the school. From this lofty hilltop there was a wondrous outlook, taking in the athletic fields and the school village, and stretching over the adjoining Cornish, with its summer homes of President Wilson, of artists and poets and publicists and *literati*, till beyond the Connecticut grand old Ascutney estopped the view. The "Master of the Pageant", William Chauncy Langdon, of New York City, is a master, indeed, who took up the study of the modern pageant under the Russell Sage Foundation, and has achieved great success in rendering similar historical exhibitions. On this sightly spot and under his guidance, assisted by a large local committee, hundreds of actors—teachers and students of the school, men, women, and children of the town—showed on two successive days to over two thousand spectators the various episodes in the history of the town and school. The sturdy Christian pioneers built their camp, though resisted by "Nature Spirits", who emerge from the grove of pine and dance around them. A church is established, and its ancient bell rang out anon across the valley, always at just the right time!—the Academy is

founded; the girls at length are admitted as pupils (so that it is a *Union Academy*); touching incidents of war-time were introduced; there is an Interlude of the Birds, with Ernest Harold Baynes, the eminent naturalist from Corbin Park, close by, as chief actor, but with little children flitting back and forth among the pines to personify sparrows and robins and grosbeaks and tanagers; nymphs of the forest and old time characters of town and school so artfully intermingled as to bring out with wonderful effect the century-long history of this grandly useful Christian school, in a quiet town in the New Hampshire hill-country.

APPENDIX

THE CHARTER

STATE OF NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED
AND THIRTEEN.

AN ACT to Incorporate the Trustees of the Union Academy.

WHEREAS CHARLES MARSH, EBENEZER ADAMS, and ZEPHANIAH SWIFT MOORE have represented, that it is in contemplation to establish, at Plainfield in this State, a Seminary designed to assist in the education of poor and pious young men for the gospel ministry; and also to make provision for the education of such others, as may be admitted upon terms to pay a reasonable sum for their tuition; and that a considerable sum has been contributed towards the establishment and support of such an institution; and that Charles Marsh, of *Woodstock*, Rev. Asa Burton, D. D., of *Thetford*, Ebenezer Adams, Esq., of *Hanover*, Rev. Bancroft Fowler, of *Windsor*, Rev. Zephaniah Swift Moore, of *Hanover*, Rev. David Sutherland, of *Bath*, Rev. Stephen Fuller, of *Vershire*, Rev. Abijah Wines, of *Newport*, Benj. J. Gilbert, Esq., of *Hanover*, and Deacon Joseph Ford, of *Piermont*, have been elected Trustees thereof, and have requested, that an act may be passed, authorizing the establishment of said Seminary in said Plainfield; and that the said Marsh, Burton, Adams, Fowler, Moore, Sutherland, Fuller, Wines, Gilbert, and Ford,

and others, and their successors, may be created a body corporate and politic by the name of the *Trustees* of the *Union Academy*, and be vested with all such powers and privileges, as may be necessary to the full accomplishment of the objects aforesaid; and as the general prevalence of morality and religion is of the highest interest to every people; and as it is among the first duties of the legislature to cherish and promote them.—*Therefore,*

SEC. 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court convened,* That there may be established at such place within the town of Plainfield, in the County of Cheshire in this State, as the Trustees hereinafter named shall judge to be most suitable, a Seminary for the purpose of assisting in the education of poor and pious young men for the gospel ministry, and such others of sufficient ability, who may be admitted by the Trustees, subject to pay for their tuition, to be denominated the Union Academy, in which may be taught all branches of education necessary for preparing youth for entering any of the three lower classes in the Colleges in the United States.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted,* That the Union Academy shall be under the care, superintendence, and control of a board of Trustees, consisting of thirteen members, including the principal instructor of said Academy, who shall always be, *ex-officio*, one of said board, seven of whom shall be a quorum to do business; and not less than one half, nor more than two thirds of said board of Trustees, shall be ordained ministers of the gospel.

SEC. 3. *And be it further enacted,* That Charles Marsh, Esq., of Woodstock, in the State of Vermont, Rev. Asa Burton, D. D., of Thetford in said State of Vermont, Ebenezer Adams, Esq., of Hanover in this State, Rev. Bancroft Fowler, of Windsor in said State of Vermont, Rev. Zephaniah Swift Moore, of Hanover aforesaid, Rev. David Sutherland, of Bath in this State,

Rev. Stephen Fuller of Vershire in said State of Vermont, Rev. Abijah Wines, of Newport in this State, Daniel Kimball, Esq., of Plainfield aforesaid, Ben. J. Gilbert, Esq., of Hanover aforesaid, and Deacon Joseph Ford, of Piermont in this State, shall be, and they are hereby appointed members of said board of Trustees.

SEC. 4. *And be it further enacted*, That the board of Trustees aforesaid and their successors shall be, and they hereby are made a body corporate and politic by the name of the Trustees of the Union Academy; and by that name shall be a corporation forever with power to have a common seal; to make contracts relative to the objects of their institution; to sue and be sued; to establish by-laws and orders for the regulation of said Academy, and for the conduct and duties of the instructors, agents, and students thereof, and for the preservation and application of the funds, and for the sale of the property thereof; provided the same be not repugnant to the constitution and laws of this State; to take, hold, and possess any estate real or personal, by subscription, gift, grant, purchase, devise, or otherwise, sixty thousand dollars whereof shall be free from taxes; and the same to improve, lease, or exchange, or sell and convey, for the sole benefit of said Institution.

SEC. 5. *And be it further enacted*, That the Trustees and Instructors of the Union Academy shall be professors of the christian religion, and shall each be a regular member of some Congregational or Presbyterian church.

SEC. 6. *And be it further enacted*, That the said Trustees shall have power, at any regular meeting, to fill up any vacancy, which may have happened by the death, or resignation of a member of said board, or by other cause, by electing some other person, qualified as this act prescribes, to fill such vacancy.

SEC. 7. *And be it further enacted*, That the said Trustees, shall have power to appoint, and they are hereby authorized

and directed to appoint a President, and Vice President, to be chosen from the members of said board of Trustees, one principal instructor, and as many other instructors as may be necessary, a Treasurer and Secretary; and any other officers or agents, whose services in the concerns of said institution may be needed; and to remove any of the officers or agents aforesaid, or any member of the board of Trustees whenever in the opinion of a majority of all the Trustees, the interests of said institution shall require such removal.

SEC. 8. *And be it further enacted*, That the said board of Trustees shall determine the amount of compensation to be allowed to the instructors, Treasurer, and Secretary aforesaid, and to such other officers or agents as may be employed by them in the concerns of said institution; but the services and attendance of the board of Trustees, performed in that capacity, shall be performed gratis; provided, however, that their necessary expences may be defrayed out of the funds of the institution.

SEC. 9. *And be it further enacted*, That students shall be admitted into said Academy on such conditions as said Trustees may prescribe, and said Trustees shall also prescribe the rate of tuition to be paid by all students, who, or whose parents are of sufficient ability to pay the same; and all sums, received for the tuition of such students, shall be paid into the Treasury in aid of the funds.

SEC. 10. *And be it further enacted*, That the Treasurer shall give bonds with sufficient security, to the satisfaction of the board of Trustees, for the faithful performance of the duties of his office.

SEC. 11. *And be it further enacted*, That all property, which shall be given to the use of said Academy, shall be faithfully applied to the objects of said institution, either as a permanent or contingent fund, according to the direction of the donor, and in strict conformity with this act; and all donations to the perma-

ment fund, whether in money, in real, or personal estate shall be disposed of, vested in funds, loaned or leased on ample security at the discretion of the board of Trustees, the income whereof together with such sums as may be given for immediate expenditure, shall be expended in necessary accommodations for said institution, and in fitting for College such pious young men in indigent circumstances, as said Trustees may select; and in contributing in part or in the whole to the expence of completing the education of such, as are so fitted, at some College in the United States, and in aiding them afterwards, so far as may be necessary, in their professional studies.

SEC. 12. *And be it further enacted*, That there shall be one stated annual meeting of the board of Trustees, to be holden at such time and place, as said Trustees shall establish; but the board of Trustees may provide for calling special meetings of the Trustees for special purposes, and all proceedings at special meetings, convened agreeably to the by-laws of the corporation, shall be valid.

SEC. 13. *And be it further enacted*, That the board of Trustees may, and they are hereby empowered, once to alter the name of the Union Academy by prefixing thereto the name of the principal donor.

SEC. 14. *And be it further enacted*, That, if at any time hereafter, the members of said board of Trustees should be reduced to a number less than seven, a majority of the remaining members shall be a quorum for the purpose of filling up vacancies.

SEC. 15. *And be it further enacted*, That those, who have subscribed towards erecting the buildings for said Academy, shall be at liberty to withhold the payment of what they have subscribed; provided, nevertheless, that, if the payment of any sums so subscribed shall be withheld, the Trustees aforesaid may locate said Academy in any other town within this State.

SEC. 16. *And be it further enacted*, That Charles Marsh, Esq., or Ebenezer Adams, Esq., may call the first meeting of said board of Trustees to be holden at such time and place, as said Marsh or Adams may appoint, by giving notice thereof, a reasonable time previous to such meeting, to each of the Trustees aforesaid, and said Trustees shall, at said meeting, elect one person, qualified as this act prescribes, to be a member of said board of Trustees.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

In the House of Representatives, June 10th, 1813.

The foregoing bill having had three several readings passed to be enacted.

Sent up for concurrence,

THO. W. THOMPSON, *Speaker*.

In the Senate, June 11th, 1813.

This Bill having been read a third time was enacted.

OLIVER PEABODY, *President*.

Approved, June 16th, 1813.

J. T. GILMAN, *Governor*.

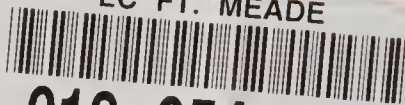
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Attest, SAMUEL SPARHAWK, *Secretary*.





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